

[illegible]

lands in the vicinity scarcely a gull is to be seen.

Immortality. These and other phenomena are revealing to us conclusive evidence that spirits who have lived once in our midst, and passed from our sight, still live, live in all the consciousness of what they have done on earth, and they model in the solemn truth of immortal compensation and retribution.

Thus in what we have gained, and so we have thereby answered what they demand of us: what has Spiritualism done? We reply that they should witness the optics, the acoustics and the mechanics, that the spirit circle reveals. So when they ask of us what religion do you find in these profound and undigested movements of tables, and these petty sounds on walls and doors, we reply—they bring to us, the assurance of a Spirit God; they have taught us to worship Him in spirit and in truth; they have brought to us from the spirit country, the news that all that we loved and believed were lost, still live. To the great Spirit, the eternal Spirit, whose revelations we believe through His ministering spirits, have been vouchsafed to us in this great unfoldment, to bring us nearer to Their Father, who with tender care has opened up the ways in the dark ocean of spirit life, hitherto enclosed in the night of superstition, the shining ocean on which we are sailing onward and upward, where the lighted ones are—we dedicate the words we have spoken in this night—all that is true we will preserve. We know that the dead may be seen in many places—some in rocky ground, some by the wayside to be trampled beneath the feet of ungodly men. But we know they are not lost; we know they have gone forth into this chamber, and written upon it whatever elements of truth they may contain; we know that all the mistakes, all the errors will be forgiven, and so with various purposes, with reverent hope that the seed sown this night, may bring forth rich fruit as belongs to the effort rather than the action.

May the blessing of the great Spirit rest upon us; may the guide and ministry of dear spirits be upon us; may our counsel be of spiritual strength and comfort; to us and aid us in our path onward to the shining shores of eternity.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

OFFICE 189, SOUTH CLARK ST., 3rd FLOOR.

S. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
LATE 181:
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Prospectus on eighth page.

Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to designate it as for the JOURNAL, or for subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

Many persons receiving this paper after the time for their subscription have expired, and have not yet received it. They should take care to pay for it before, without delay and on no condition to be paid for it after the time of payment has expired. Payment will be required at regular rates, until all arrears are paid.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. Jones, 182 South Clark street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

MOTION.

Condition of Matter, Life and Mind—The Four Kinds of Motion.

No. 3.
"And on the seventh day, God ended His works which He had made, and He rested on the seventh day from all His works which He had made."—Genesis.

Our mind goes back in the misty past. The curtain rises on the dawn of Biblical creation, disclosing a beautiful garden with its winding birds, murmuring streams and beautiful flowers, while the canopy above seemed just dotted with gems shedding forth a silvery light. The birds of the air seemed to sing their sweetest songs, and Nature, in an attire just made by the hand of Deity, shone forth in all her splendor. It was during the process of the construction of these things that it was said that God rested from all the works which He had made. We, however, differ from the statement in Genesis, for we do not believe that the earth was made in seven days, nor do we entertain the idea that Adam was the first man, and that from one of his ribs a woman was made to be his helpmeet. The whole statement is so exceedingly ridiculous and absurd, that seemingly no man with a thumbnail full of brains would for a moment believe it. The statement, too, that God "rested," is the quaint essence of absurdity—in fact, it is impossible for Him to rest, or to assume that condition which we call inertia. What! God rest? Cease His motion? Assume the conditions of inertia? When did He become tired? To rest implies that recuperation is necessary. God tired? God wearied in consequence of making this earth and those glittering orbs that move in majestic grandeur on that concave surface above? Nonsense! If wearied in consequence of labor, for a time He was not all powerful, and required rest in order to regain all power. If for a little while He felt weak, where had his strength come, and in what manner did it return to him again? If He ceased to be all powerful for a time, then, of course, there was a power outside of Him, and in what shape or condition—it might well be asked—did it exist? The idea, however, that God rested on the seventh day, is a contradiction of the plainest principles of philosophy—it is simply absurdity a mountain high and not worthy of notice. God never rested, and never will rest.

If God never rested, or assumed that condition we call inertia, then He is constantly in motion—and it will be well to give this subject a critical examination. In all the works of Nature, as we have said before, we see ceaseless activity. There is not a particle of matter in all of God's vast universe that is not in constant motion. There is inertia nowhere but motion, ceaseless motion, everywhere.

In the discussion of this subject, we assumed that these three conditions exist, viz: Motion, life, mind; and in so doing, we commenced at an effect. Motion is the effect of life; life is the effect of mind. Not one of them can exist without the others. It is well some times, in the discussion of abstruse subjects, to commence at the effect, and trace it link by link to the cause that produced it, and in all cases hold the cause responsible for the effect.

In this question, motion, there is much to be considered, for it might be well asked, if our statement in reference thereto is correct, what good results therefrom? It is not our object in this article to enter into all the ramifications of this subject, and give a complete analysis of

the same. We take, for example, a block of ice and apply heat thereto, and what a wonderful motion ensues. The particles of the same seem imbued with life, for they not only change position, but their shape also. A body of water could not do as much if heat was applied to their rest, for they would only rise away or change locality without changing their nature in the least; but such is not the case with ice, for the particles of the same first become water, then steam, spreading over an immense surface; but they will not stop their motion with steam; perhaps they ascend heavenward, and floating off on the quiet bosom of the zephyrs, they may be deposited finally in the shape of dew drops on some beautiful flower, and then dance heavenward in joyous glees on a ray of light! We smile in the motion of matter that is well worthy of careful consideration. Examine the pulse—how regular its motion! No uncertainty there. The blood traverses the arteries and veins, while life concentrated exists, for he knows that motion and life are so interblended that one can not exist without the other. Now, mark our position well. Motion is the effect of life; life is the effect of mind. Motion in man is the result of life; life is the result of mind, for without mind there could be no life. There is life diffused and life concentrated; there is mind diffused and mind concentrated. There is matter diffused throughout all space; in man there is matter concentrated. If diffused, he would not be a man; he could not exist.

1st. Matter diffused; matter concentrated.
2nd. Life diffused; life concentrated.
3rd. Mind diffused; mind concentrated.
4th. Motion general; motion local.

The two last, "motion general and motion local," are the "ultimates" or "effects" of the first three. For matter, it is well known, is diffused throughout all space; in the physical organization it is concentrated, and within the same we see life manifested—and it that life was not diffused with the matter, where did it exist? Matter is diffused through all space; so is life, for in whatever locality matter concentrated in the shape of man exists, there you will find life also. If life is not as general as matter, where does it get a supply whenever a human being is organized; and it mind is not as general as both, where does that come from? For every human being possesses it.

From matter, life and mind, we see motion general, and motion local; general in the movement of the vast universe of God; local in the motion produced by the action of the mind on the physical organization.

There is grandeur in this theme little thought of by mortals. Men think to little purpose when they suppose this earth is stationary, or that the life that they possess was simply taken from a small supply of that element that happened to be present.

1st. Matter diffused possesses life diffused.
2nd. Life diffused possesses mind diffused.
3rd. The result of all is motion general, or concentrated, as in man, motion local.

In order to render the subject still clearer to the mind of the reader, we will suppose that the whole universe is in a state of rest. Not a leaf stirring, not a ripple on the lake, not a breeze in the air, not a pulse in the bosom of all humanity throbbing. Where is man? Is he alive? No; there is no life for there is no motion. Where is mind? There is no mind, for there is no life. But supposing the universe is put in motion again, what causes it? Supposing you lift your hand, which is local motion, what causes that? The mind, of course. If the mind causes local motion, does it not cause general motion, also? We will answer that question in due time.

But bear in mind that there are four kinds of motion—viz:

1. Motion general.
2. Motion local.
3. Voluntary motion.
4. Involuntary motion.

1. Motion local is within motion general.
2. Inter-local motion is within voluntary and involuntary motions.

The involuntary motion to a certain extent sustains the voluntary, and gives power thereto. Thus the circulation of the blood, the assimilation of nutriment for the system, the varied action of the absorbents, the secretion of the bile, the throbbing of the lungs, the beating of the pulse—all belong to involuntary motion, for the mind of man, in one sense, has no control over them, and it is well it has not. This involuntary motion has a wise purpose to subserve, for it teaches man that he is not wise enough to govern the circulation of the blood etc., even if he had the power to do so.

Well, dear reader, ponder these thoughts well. Think to some purpose. Remember that motion is the grandest of all themes. It is the ultimate—the grand effect of all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR CONTEMPORARY—THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

In a late number of the JOURNAL we took occasion to offer a short and friendly criticism upon the course of the Investigator upon the great question of the age, Spiritualism. To this, the urban editor, Mr. Horace Seaver, pays due attention in the issue of October 23rd, of that able and logical journal; for which we have long held it and its editors in the highest esteem. But we very much regret that it has, on this occasion, shown a little haste, if not spleen and illiberality; characteristics of the various theological sects; and against which that journal has ever waged an uncompromising war. And when we read such epithets as are applied to us in the article in question, as "uncharitable and bigoted," "petulant and ignorant fault-finder," we very naturally conclude that the writer is either himself petulant and uncharitable, or intends to wound or disturb the feelings of his "Chicago opponent." If the former, he has fallen into the same pit of folly which that journal has professedly been laboring to extricate mankind for more than a quarter of a century. If the latter, we are happy to assure our estimable brother and collaborer, that his attempts have signally failed; and that our feelings toward that old battle-arena—advocate of human rights, mental freedom and liberal senti-

ments and principle, are still unchanged—it merits and has our highest esteem.

Therefore it is not, and was not with any spirit of rivalry or opposition that we write or wrote our criticisms against the course of that Journal. But men incontinently gravitate into a routine of thinking and speaking unawares, as it were. Thus all men will be found involuntarily advocating their settled or cherished notions, especially if their worldly prosperity depends upon the triumph or success of those ideas. This is manifestly seen in ninety-nine of every one hundred clergymen. To say that the editors of the Investigator are free from this human weakness, would be asserting more, we presume, than they would claim for themselves. We are sure that they love their dear old Investigator, and have become attached to their long-cherished belief of infidelity. And there is no possibility that they may become bigoted in their devotion to their fixed belief? But we would not be their "wise judge," but would leave them to answer that question by their course in the future, and if they fail to come up to the high standard which they have marked out for others, it will be their loss, not ours. If they succeed, in common with all liberal minds, we will rejoice with them.

In penning the article which called forth the remarks to which we have alluded, we did not, as we have before said, write to satiate any spirit of controversy; for if we know ourselves, we have no established ideas or theories that prompt us to a spirit of controversy. But, on the contrary, hope we are engaged in an impartial investigation after the immaculate truth; and if we are zealous in any one thing, it is in this search. "Truth would be the birthright and common property of all; hence, this feeling, we are determinedly resolved to possess the priceless jewel. If it turn out to be Spiritualism, we shall have it; if it be infidelity it shall be ours. We shall not let it go to any man, we are after truth and mean to have it; knowing that as we grow in mental or spiritual stature, that there is no power on, above or beneath the earth, that can withhold it from our grasp; and yet we claim no more for ourselves than for Bro. Seaver and every other human soul. We do not condemn or presume to sit in judgement upon our kindred friends. We are not so bigoted as not to know that our belief will neither add to or take from any truth.

Truth is not made up, neither does it depend upon the belief of any person or number of persons. And the point that we most desired to make for our Boston friend's consideration, was for him to show just how and wherein Spiritualism was a "humbug," and all mediums "cheats and charlatans." He says he "knows" he is not mistaken, as to the trickery of the mediums, because he has seen the same tricks performed by jugglers in the light, that are done by the mediums in the dark. How well he may know this, he is too intelligent and unbiassed a gentleman to pretend to say that his simple statement of what he knows can go as testimony for making up a belief for others.

We are perfectly ready to admit that if the fact of spirit existence, co-communication and manifestation, rested solely upon poor lying and similar manifestations, there would be far greater reasons for doubting it than there is. It is indeed, however, one of the first letters of the great alphabet of Spiritualism. And if the Investigator writers would admit the existence of spirit (which they do not however), we could then urge it upon them, that what man has done in this life he might be enabled to do after the change—death. This, however, is the point of difference. We do not deny but that jugglers do many things inexplicable and mysterious to the uninitiated observer; but they usually claim to know how each and every trick is done. All persons are more or less mediums, and jugglers are by no means an exception—most of whom are excellent mediums for physical manifestations, while denying the fact—one of the proofs of which is, that in their imitations of the Davenport and others, they are tedious of having their limitations complete, by the use of the cabinet. If not mediums, the conditions required by the Davenports would be of no use to them, and hence they would be compelled to perform their imitations in the light. Many wonderful things often occur as unexpected and with as much surprise to the medium as to those who are not, and are wholly inexplicable upon any known science or system of jugglery. In such cases, we can be numbered by the hundred, and as well authenticated, by any fact in history, the statement of the media is no more to be taken into consideration than that of any other observer of the phenomena. Besides the charge of "cheats" and "knaves" urged against the Davenports, Fays and others, is, in fact, for it is not even denied by our friend of the Boston Investigator, that this admission made after he had attended one of Melville Fay's seances; for if they are such proficients in the juggling art, what advantage is it to them to attribute it to spirits who once inhabited an earthly body? Far better pecuniarily, and far more would it redound to their praise to take the credit of the whole to themselves. The fact that wonders are done is not mooted, but how, or by what power. We claim to believe, from observing the phenomena and investigating the laws of life, that many things are done by spirits through various media, and that even a human agency is not always necessary for such manifestations. Nor are our convictions due to the influence of any "coaxing medium," but are based upon actual facts, and to us, sound philosophy.

Friend Seaver says we are "deluded," and we, in all candor and sincerity, ask to be unburdened from the weight of that delusion, if delusion it be. There is the point. He claims to be an old investigator of some twenty years standing, which, with an eye single to the possession of truth, instead of a devotion to infidelity, ought to enable him to explain how many wonderful and mysterious occurrences have transpired, which, as we have before said, have become matters of history, and remain unexplained and unaccounted for upon any hypothesis other than the spiritual.

Some of these we have been cognizant of, and so has our worthy friend and brother, Mr. Seaver. He declares them all trickery and delusion. This theory we can not accept, for many mediums for the manifestations are mere children, even with the Davenports, their manifestations began when they were juveniles, and their family, like many others—the Fox girls, for instance—sought to get away from them. To claim, therefore, that it is all mere jugglery, is giving these youthful jugglers a character and prominence which requires a far greater amount of credulity to believe, than to accept the spiritual theory and philosophy. But there is a bare possibility that such prodigies exist; therefore our earnest appeal to those who "know" it can all be explained a way upon the theory of jugglery, for light.

A CLERGYMAN INDICTED FOR MURDERING HIS WIFE.

A Congregational clergyman residing at Turner Junction, Du Page county, Illinois, has been indicted by the Kane county, Circuit Court now in session at Geneva, Illinois, for the murder of his wife.

We mention the fact from no disposition to glory over the frailties of Ministers of the Gospel. That they are often weak, and fall like other men, can't be denied. That they are guilty of all kinds of impurities of life, about which they preach, and accuse other people of being guilty, is beginning to be well understood. This poor devil got his wife's life heavily insured in two companies for nine thousand dollars—one a life and the other an "accidental insurance company." Then, as the indictment charges, drowned her one evening last spring, in a little creek where the water was not over seventeen inches deep in the channel, and but a few feet across. He claims that she fell out of his buggy when he was driving through the creek and he lost sight of her; yet it was a bright moonlight night. He went to a near neighbor and reported the case and wanted to know if she had come to the house. His clothing was saturated with water, and the wife was found dead, but a few feet below the ford, lying against the fence that ran across the creek, fencing out the road.

"It is said he lost a former wife very suddenly, whose life was also insured.

When a poor fanatic calling herself a Spiritualist, residing in Michigan some years ago, killed her children, it was heralded by the religious and secular press from "Dan to Berbertha," that it was the legitimate fruits of Spiritualism.

Here is a monster in human form, if the indictment be true, deliberately set himself at work to obtain money at the cost of a condoling and affectionate wife's life. No sensation is created with the so recently horrified press—no hands are raised in holy horror at the atrocity of the offence—no long sermons are preached over the shortcomings of the ministry. Oh, no! it is only a woman—a wife's life that is sacrificed for money, by a Congregational clergyman in good standing!

A NEW CHEAP LIGHT.

Wonderful improvements have been made within the last twenty years in lighting dwellings during night-time. About that number of years ago, one Paine, residing at Worcester, Massachusetts, claimed that he had discovered the process by which he could, for a nominal sum, manufacture from water an inflammable luminous gas, far superior to any ordinary gas, for lighting buildings, streets, etc. That he had a conception of a process eventually to be evolved, we never doubted, but that he was the man to carry the idea into successful operation, we did doubt, and time has proved that our convictions in that particular were correct. So great a stride was not to be made at once. As in everything else in nature, the road was to be reached by ascending many rounds in the ladder. So the various kinds of burning materials and devices of lamps have been introduced until a man by the name of Isaac Cook, has invented a burner which manufactures from common gasoline, (which can be bought anywhere for seventeen cents per gallon, retail) into a luminous gas as it is consumed for lighting; one burner of which will yield as much light as two ordinary gas burners. The whole apparatus, in appearance, is like an ornamental gas-burner, and is no more expensive to manufacture. It is destined to take the place of all other kinds of gas and lamps. There will be no longer a necessity for expensive gas-pipes in the streets of cities and towns—which so often get out of order, and kill, or injure people for life by leakage in the rooms of sleepers, but in lieu thereof, every family can have their buildings illuminated for a mere nominal sum.

For further particulars, address H. S. Hall & Co., patentees, Mass.: House, Chicago, or 924 North Fifth St., St. Louis, or call at either place and see the lights in full operation. They are prepared to sell city, county and state rights for this wonderful invention, on terms, which are within the reach of even industrious and enterprising person.

BIBLE RELIGION.

"Bible religion never palliates sin, even in its grossest followers. It commands repentance and reform or the exclusion of the dissipated member. This is where it differs from Spiritualism."—Christian Times.

Spiritism, if that name suits our Second Advent brother better than Spiritualism (both of which names the devotees of Old Theology gave in derision to those who believe in the immortality of the soul and the communion of spirits with mortals), is a great system of philosophy which recognizes all spirit as immortal, and as the real developing power inherent in all things, and continually unfolding everything towards the highest capacity it is capable of attaining on its plane of existence. Therefore, in dealing with our fellow man, we feel it to be a duty to instruct him in the use of his highest and most ennobling faculties, that he may at all times be enabled to control his passions, and live a just, upright and true life. To that end we fraternize with them, however low in the scale of humanity, as did Christ with the publicans and sinners.

If our organizations are of any use, they should be to make undeveloped—indeed men and women, better. Therefore, as was said by the gentle Nazarene, we would say, "Neither do we condemn thee, go thy way and sin no more."

PERSONAL.—Dr. Henry Slade and wife are now at Aurora, Ill., and contemplate spending a month or longer in the State. The Doctor is widely-known as one among the most reliable of clairvoyants in the examination and successful treatment of the sick; also as a remarkable medium for the demonstration of spirit presence and power. Mrs. A. Wilhelm Slade, in company with the Dr., will lecture upon the Spiritualistic Philosophy.

Those wishing to secure their services, will address them as early as possible, at Kalamazoo Michigan, Box 3.

THE DAVENPORTS

Will be here on the 15th of this month, and will give a series of their wonderful seances. Read the article on another page, headed, "The Mystics," and you will learn something of the nature of the manifestations given through them. The Sun, of New York, gives one of their seances the following notice:

The Davenport Brothers prolong their stay at Steinway Hall for a few nights. It is difficult to say whether the audiences or the performers are the most interesting part of this exhibition. Some one usually gets into a passion, every evening, and either threatens to break the bones of the unhappy brothers because he fails to understand how the thing is done, or goes off in a towering rage, cursing humbugs in general and the Davenports in particular. But sensible people are more quiet. They come expecting to see things that they can't explain, and are content to let the performers do what they have to do in their own way. They certainly do wonderful things—much more wonderful than Bliz, or Hartz, or Anderson, or any other of the wizards; and it is a slight of hand, so much the more to their credit for doing it so well.

A GOOD TEST OF SPIRIT POWER.

D. J. Love, 186, 24th street, Chicago, Illinois, says that on Sunday, Oct. 17th, he invited Peter West, the medium, to call at his home for a seance, Mr. West being a stranger to his family and him also, with the exception of one interview.

Several questions were written upon paper and folded in another room and sent to the room where Mr. West was sitting, and without being touched by Mr. West, were placed under the foot of Mr. Love, upon the floor. Immediately, Mr. West wrote the questions as written upon the papers, and each of which were answered by what purported to be the spirits to whom the questions were addressed.

There was much more done of deep interest to those present, who love to commune with the loved ones in spirit-life, not necessary to mention. Mr. Love reports these facts that the public may know where they can find a good test medium.

R. P. BERRY.—Brother B. writes, enclosing \$3.00 to be placed to his credit, but failed to give his Post Office address, without which we are under the necessity of looking over a list of fifteen thousand names, which might consume a week's time. The introduction of the mailing machine necessitates a new method of book-keeping for newspaper offices, else we might have found the name with but little trouble. Will Bro. Berry please try again, and much oblige us.

THANKS TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Through the exertions of old subscribers, we have received an accession of one hundred and twenty-seven new subscribers during the present week. Thanks to the old subscribers for soliciting, and to the new for subscribing. We would with pleasure publish the names of the old subscribers who have procured the new ones, if we were assured it would be altogether agreeable to them.

SOUL READING.

In another column will be found an advertisement entitled as above. John M. Spear is a medium of great experience and celebrity.

Never having met the brother, we can not speak from observation, but we do know that many who have had opportunities to test his mediumistic powers, have full confidence in his ability.

THE MEDIA.

We commence the publication of a story this week, by George Somerville, entitled "MEDIA, or the Charmed Life," the first six or eight chapters of which appeared in the "White Banner," just before its suspension. It will run through several numbers of the JOURNAL, and we have no doubt it will be read with interest and profit.

N. B. STARR.

We shall publish an article of thrilling interest next week from the pen of the above named distinguished artist, giving descriptions how to construct a "Mediastroscope and Psychometer." The article will be well worth the price of one year's subscription for the JOURNAL, to any person who reads it.

HOME.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post Office.

Good mediums always in attendance.

Dr. SWAN is successfully healing the sick. He can be found at the Adams House, Chicago.

E. V. Wilson's Appearances for Nov. are as follows, viz:—

At McHenry, Ill. Nov. 2d, 3rd and 4th, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, three lectures.

At Council Bluffs, Iowa, the 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th, four Sundays in November—two lectures each day.

At Brownsville, Nebraska, the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings—four lectures.

At Des Moines, Iowa, the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th—four lectures.

At Weston, Mo., the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th—four lectures.

At Marshalltown, Iowa, the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. the 29th and 30th, Dec. 1st and 2nd—four lectures.

We will lecture the Sundays of December in Dubuque, Iowa.

This will be the only opportunity for the friends of Progress and Spiritualism to hear us for a long time to come. Let there be a full attendance. Come forth, Brothers and Sisters of Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri, and meet us in the spirit of our glorious cause.

Do not direct letters to us where we are holding week evening meetings.

Our address for Nov. will be in Council Bluffs; for December, in Dubuque, Iowa.

E. V. WILSON.

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS

VOL. VII—NO. 8

THE WILD AND WONDERFUL.

These wonders stand alone with the Creator the Worker, though Great Master Architect, the Mighty Titan whose arm is still fashioning, elaborating and polishing up our beautiful earth. The wonders, however, do not cease in

You cannot sweep out of all human history the silver thread of spiritual evidence that has marked every page, and that discloses to you more and more conclusively the footprints of

thing. One of these old astrologers, Ptolemy said, "I see a picture, I see before my eyes a window; I know that that signifies there is a house. I see a human hand, a finger; I know that there is a form behind it. I see a leaf of a tree, I know that there is a tree. I see a star, and that star is to me like the window, the hand, the leaf, and just so soon as I can learn to know what position of the universe that star belongs to, I can judge of the rest."

There is another phase, the spiritual light. Here they read not only on the external surfaces

which prove to us that the claims established in the past ages for witchcraft, fascination, sorcery possess a vast amount of truth. I simply remind you how the track of history is perpetually interrupted by these revelations. When we speak of witchcraft, we do not pretend that it presents the perfected form which attends the spiritual manifestations of to-day. When we speak of the communion of the saints, we do not pretend that the communion of spirits is to-day. We

history is fast passing away; the day of fiction has gone. History is repeating the powers of the human mind. The struggles and personalities of the human spirit make up the sum of human history. This has unfolded to us a science and philosophy knit up into one grand family. Instead of the wild and the wonderful, all things are science. We who are spiritualists recognize the same revelation.

Continued on fourth page.

has visited us in the spiritual as in the material world. Those who stand outside of this belief tell us many strange and hard things—sometimes that we speak falsely, sometimes that we are grossly deceived; sometimes that we are all fools and knaves, that the wild and the wonderful in history lives, that we can not explain the mystery of supernaturalism.

We declare that all things at last resolve themselves into the domain of natural law. There stands the great shadowy giant of spirit and the Spirit World, and all human experiences mock and laugh at your credulity, a credulity that would expect us to believe that the whole mass of mystery is overhurl; with one dense page of impossibility.

They must offer us a better explanation if they will not accept ours. They must render a solution of what this means—our pause for their explanation. We call it Spiritualism, and when we have applied ourselves to its study with half the industry we bestow on the accumulation of wealth before the few feeble and grains of time have run out for us, we shall comprehend more of this great science of Spiritualism. We shall then know more of the external and internal forces that are in us and around us. We shall then find that all the will and wonderful nature around us and within us are bound up in the beautiful and intricate meshes of law—perfect and unchangeable law.

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S. S. JONES,
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All letters and communications should be addressed to S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

MOTION.

The Different Kinds of Motion Here Fully Explained—The Motion of the Blood, and Beautiful Action of the Little Globules Within It.

NUMBER FOUR.

Matter diffused; matter concentrated. Life diffused; life concentrated. Mind diffused; mind concentrated. Motion general; motion local. Voluntary motion; involuntary motion. Matter is diffused throughout all space, and there is incorporated with it while in that condition, everything that it possesses when the constituent parts of the same are concentrated in man.

The human mind is ever reaching forth to cull truths from the Book of Nature. It never rests; it never becomes weary. Within it is the seal of divinity glancing beautifully, indicating its origin, and to whom it belongs. We are a part of the great I AM, possessing every characteristic of our good Parent, and in proportion to our acquisition of knowledge, we gradually approach Him. Man's course is onward. His sphere of action is in proportion to the advancement he has made in understanding the principles of those things around him, and the interior mechanism of his organic structure. This is a glorious truth, coming in beautiful, undulating waves from the Angel World, and touching the sensitive chords of the human mind, it gives it an insight of Deity. A pebble thrown into water produces beautiful undulating circles that continually enlarge as they push outward. An idea within the human mind, ever restless, moves outward, constantly gaining accession to its ranks until the circles of influence it creates in connection with others accumulated with it, is almost boundless in extent. What would encourage man, if as he advanced step by step on disputed domain, constantly unearthing new truths, his sphere of action remained constantly the same? Nothing! He progresses, for progression is one of the prerequisites of motion. If all things are in motion, and no savan would attempt to prove to the contrary, a result highly beneficial must be the realized. Motion without a result would simply be impossible. If the result is beneficial to the human family, it must be on the ascending scale of existence.

As usual, we now adopt an acknowledged truth as a platform on which to stand and extend our observation, and we propose to so arrange the focus of our intellectual telescope, as to comprehend all objects within a given radii, and reasoning therefrom, hold infinity within our grasp.

Matter diffused; matter concentrated. As is well known, there is not a spot in all of God's vast universe that is destitute of matter. Supposing there is a void any where, what conclusion can we come to in reference to it. If nothing there, who can detect it, and who dare say they have found nothing, simply nothing, covering a certain area in the infinite realms of space? Who can measure nothing and tell its extent? The idea is simply ridiculous, to suppose there is a place in all of God's vast universe where matter don't exist. Admitting, then, that matter fills all space, in some places diffused, in other places concentrated, we prepare ourselves to arrive at certain conclusions which must be recognized as true. In space, we find matter diffused; in man, we find the elements thereof concentrated. And what does that concentration bring with it? Life, of course. If matter, when perfectly concentrated in man, brings with it life, have we not a right to conclude that life as well as matter, exists throughout all space? What other conclusion could we come to? Life, then, is as infinite as matter and is interblended with it in harmonious action, and when concentrated therewith in man, it becomes his life—the life of man. But matter diffused, when concentrated in man, brings with it something more than

life—it brings mind; hence we have a right to conclude that the qualities of mind exist throughout all space, and like life, is interblended with it, and is, in fact, a part of it. We do not wish to convey the idea that two infinities can occupy the same space at the same time—that would be impossible. The three, matter, life and mind, are indissolubly interblended, and are constantly in motion, and it is only the concentrated portions of the same that are on the ascending scale of existence.

We find on careful examination that all the qualities that men possess, exist in space in an infinite degree, and that in him they are concentrated, personified, as it were, and the consequence is, he is a microcosm of the universe. That life and mind, or the qualities thereof, exist in all space; we have no doubt, and when the reader will peruse these thoughts carefully, he will come to the same conclusion.

Motion general; motion local. This is plain and needs no exemplification. Throughout all space, among those twinkling gems that shine so beautifully at night, in those dark portentous clouds and flashing lightning, in that terrible thunderbolt that causes the earth to tremble, as it were, with fear, in the glittering rainbow that overarches the sky—in fact, every where, we find motion. Not a nook or corner in all of God's vast universe, in which we can not observe motion. This we call motion general. But within that motion, we find local motion as manifested in man. This position, of course, will be readily understood. We will now advance a step forward.

Motion voluntary; motion involuntary. In the movement of the hand, or the limbs of the body, we find a plain example of voluntary motion, the effect being produced by the action of the mind alone. The circulation of the blood, however, is what we term involuntary motion, and the cause thereof is not so easy to explain; but we will attempt to do it, and in a manner entirely different from that given by the medical fraternity.

We will assume, however, as the starting point of the blood, a different locality from that usually adopted, viz: the lungs where the globules of blood are arterialized or inflated like a bladder, with magnetism derived from the action of the lungs and atmosphere thereof. Now bear this in mind that those little globules of blood, when sent forth from the lungs, look as fresh as a cherry, sparkling with the life-element that impregnates them. When they enter them, they seem collapsed—when they leave, they are full, round and prepared for a great work. Now, remember that we assume the lungs as a starting point, instead of the left ventricle of the heart. The lungs are a battery, the atmosphere sustaining it in the same manner that the zinc, copper and solution does a common magnetic battery. These little globules, becoming positively charged, are propelled from the lungs into the pulmonary veins (for two positive repel); thence into the left auricle and passing into left ventricle, it then flows forth into the aorta, and is distributed by the ramifications thereof to all parts of the system. These little globules commence to collapse the moment they leave the left ventricle, depositing at each successive step the rich magnetism obtained from the lungs. Now, supposing these little globules, on account of sluggish circulation; exhaust their magnetism before they reach the extremities—why, the results will be cold feet and hands. Increase the circulation by exercise and proper hygienic measures, and these little globules will reach the extremities before the magnetism is exhausted, hence, the hands and feet will be warm.

Should the lungs be diseased, as in consumption, these little globules of blood would not be fully charged with magnetism by them, and the result would be a gradual wasting away of the system, until its entire vitality is exhausted. While dying, the extremities become cold first, from the simple fact that these little globules of blood containing the life element, does not reach them, or if they do, they are so exhausted that they can impart no strength.

There is, indeed, grandeur in the circulation of the blood. There is a world of meaning in these little globules as they sail forth freighted with choice nutriment for the system, lifting the little valves in their path way, sailing, as they move onward, the nerve-centers that they support and after performing their mission, returning to the lungs again for a fresh supply! Had we space to show you the true nature of the blood, you would be surprised at the revelations, and wonder why it is that it has never been correctly understood.

In voluntary motion, we always see the action of mind. In involuntary motion, we find, however, the action of the mind, also—the involuntary forces thereof—for, bear this in mind, that the mind has involuntary functions as well as the body, and the influence exerted over the same, is caused in an entire different manner, and will always be perfect in action, unless by the unwise interference of the voluntary powers. The involuntary powers of the mind are automatic in action, hence the automatic action of the stomach, liver and blood. It would be impossible in this series of articles, to explain the cause of the wonderful phenomena manifested in the automatic action of the involuntary forces or powers of the human organism. Having explained the cause of the circulation of the blood, or given a slight inkling in reference thereto, we might touch upon the nature of those forces that control the action of the liver, heart and stomach, but space forbids. But remember this, that the voluntary and the involuntary motions have their origin in the human mind, which, in one sense, is the germ of the whole physical system, just as the acorn is the germ that produces the oak.

The reader will see on a close examination of this subject, and by reading our four articles, that there is a grandeur connected with God's vast universe, little thought of at the present time. But then, we have not yet exhausted the subject. Still grander and more potential facts are to follow. The whole world is in

constant vibration, as it were, with the mighty truths that are coursing in its currents, for, be it known, that truths are not abstract in nature, as some foolish metaphysicians would attempt to prove; but are, however stated and in what ever connection used, just as much a reality, as the fact that a "house is a house."

Bear in mind, then, reader, that you will find your sphere of action when you make your advent in the Spirit World, corresponding exactly with your knowledge here; but remember that that knowledge must have been used to benefit humanity, or it will be like a tree, whose trunk is massive, strong and towering, but whose limbs resemble the clenched fists of the miser, whose heart has never been opened to the cries of suffering humanity.

In your progress, then, through life, ever remember that "knowledge is power," and that you will carry the same with you to the Summerland, but if that knowledge while on earth has been directed in the cause of selfish ambition, you will have some difficulty in so directing the force thereof that it will move in a channel dictated by love and charity, and thus place you in harmonious relations with the wise sages of the Spirit World.

We catch glimpses of the Spirit World as we sit and write, and from our inmost soul we pity those whose life here has been spent in licentious acts, and who have no good to earth's mortals. But bear this beautiful fact in mind, that there are, in heart, greater philanthropists in the lowly cottage, where the pockets are empty, than A. T. Stuart, or Peabody the banker, who has given his millions. The true philanthropist is one who *will* if he could, or if he can, does, alleviate the suffering of humanity, recognizing the sublime fact, that all are brothers!

(to be continued)

INFINITE MERCY.

"Wherefore I say unto you, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men."

"An I whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

The above paragraphs may be found in that "Book of Books," called the Bible, some portions of which sparkle with rare gems of truth, while other portions are not fit to be read in the lowest brothel—in fact, there is not another book extant that contains so many errors, so many monstrous absurdities, such foolish trash generally, as the Christian Bible. At the same time, we are willing to admit that there is a current of divine light penetrating its lids, that certainly emanated from the Angel World, and which sparkles with rare beauty.

We only admire the beauties of the book. The Sermon on the Mount is a rare production—short, potential, grand, showing in a remarkable degree the real character of Jesus and the influence that surrounded him. The ten commandments—some of them at least—indicate a divine origin, and are mandates the children of earth might well respect.

In this book, however, we have nothing in regard to nature, and but little in regard to God. The murmuring stream, the singing birds, the majestic tree, the geological structure of the earth, and the mechanism of the starry heavens, teach us more of God than the contents of the Bible.

In the two passages of Scripture above quoted, we find the character of God to a certain degree exhibited, but in such a light that we can see nothing in connection therewith that excites our admiration, besides it stands out in bold relief against the decision of common sense or our better judgment.

In the first place, we are taught to regard God as infinite in mercy, and there is not an orthodox minister in all Christendom but who would hold up both hands in attestation of their belief of the same. Admitting their belief to be true that He is infinitely merciful, we propose to show that such is not the case, or the second passage of Scripture above quoted is false.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost are regarded as three distinct persons in one, indissolubly connected or so interblended that the very existence of one depends up on the others; yet it is stated that when you sin against one-third of the Trinity, the Son, it shall be forgiven you, but when you sin against another third, the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven you—thus making one third of this remarkable "personage" who sits on a throne in the Celestial Courts, a sort of target at which we may, with impunity, shoot our sins of omission and commission—but, goodness! look out! don't sin against that one-third that is called the Holy Ghost, for if you do, it never can be forgiven you, neither in this world nor the world to come.

Now, can God's mercy be infinite, and be refused to forgive a sin against the Holy Ghost?

The idea of supposing that God's mercy is infinite, and establishing that as a fact in the Orthodox Creed books, when the Bible shows that his mercy is limited, and that it does not include sins committed against the Holy Ghost, leaves the reader in a quandary in reference to the true nature of the Ruler of the Universe.

Which "horn" of the dilemma, reader, will you choose? One you must reject. Adopt both, and we really believe you are no philosopher, and think to but little purpose. If God's mercy is infinite, it can not be limited. If limited to the forgiveness of certain sins, it can not be infinite, therefore, if you believe the Bible, you must acknowledge that God is not infinite in mercy.

NOTE.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 149, Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

Good mediums always in attendance.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, on the receipt of fifty cents.

"SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE"—INDUCEMENTS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On the 1st of January we shall commence a series of articles on the "Spiritualism of the Bible" and all the phenomena in connection therewith, which will run through more than twenty-six numbers of the JOURNAL, and will embrace some of the most wonderful revelations of ancient days as demonstrating the truths of the Spiritualism of the present, showing the nature of Christ's development and many facts and incidents not yet made known in connection with that important personage and medium; embracing the different kinds of clairvoyance and philosophy of the same; the different kinds of mediumship and how developed; how to render the brain sensitive in order that spirits may impress their thoughts thereon; the *modus operandi* of Elisha's translation; how Christ was enabled to walk upon the water and still the tempest; how the angel presented himself to Hagar and the method of materializing himself so that his body was as tangible as our own. They will give the true character of Abraham and his wife Sarah and their relation to that wonderful medium Hagar, and explain many mysterious and wonderful manifestations of the past and present, and their great significance and importance as connected with the present status and future destiny of mankind.

We propose to make this series of articles alone worth many times the price of a yearly subscription to every thoughtful reader of our paper, and would ask, that as you value the truth and the spread of our glorious and elevating philosophy, that you will each interest yourselves in spreading the knowledge of the same by extending the circulation of the JOURNAL. We will offer our paper to new subscribers for three months, on trial, for 50 cents, and there is not a single one of our present subscribers who with but little exertion could not obtain from five to twenty-five subscribers, and we shall be glad to publish the names (if desired) of all who will thus interest themselves, together with the number of names obtained.

Please remember, friends, that there is no more potent means of awakening an interest in Spiritualism than by circulating the papers; and as you are all agents of the Spirit World, you will be personally blessed, and angels will rejoice and our hearts be made glad by your efforts.

AN INQUIRY.

In a late editorial of the JOURNAL, you explained satisfactorily that we are forced into the world, but did not dwell on how we were forced through, and out of the world. Now, for the benefit of some of your readers (not for myself, for I am knowing to the fact), please go into the details—how it is that we are forced through and out of the world.

I wait patiently for future numbers of the JOURNAL.

H. K. D.

K-rhonkyn, Ulster Co., N. Y.
Well, dear brother, this is a pertinent inquiry, and one that the investigating mind, no doubt, feels a great interest in. That we are forced in, through, and out of the world, no rational mind will for a moment deny. In that process however, we do not stand in the same relation to natural laws that the dancer does to the violin, or the automaton to the forces that operate it; yet it is none the less true that man cannot control those forces which move him along from the cradle to the grave. At some future time, we will, perhaps, take that subject into consideration, unveiling those mysterious laws, to the action of which man must submit, and the result of which will finally crown him with complete happiness.

With these three acknowledged facts for a platform on which to stand to extend our observations, the truths that glisten in the scientific firmament shine forth beautifully, beckoning our attention, that we may learn their true nature and worth. Man cannot reason without a basis on which to stand, and it should be a true one, too—one that the common mind will acknowledge as correct. Perhaps our brother will favor us with an article on the above interesting subject.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER AND NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

On and after the first of January, if not sooner, we shall adopt an entire new plan in regard to the "Speaker's Register and notices of Meetings."

We have heretofore gathered from the best sources we could, the names of speakers, time and places of meetings, and published the same regularly every week.

We hereby give notice that we shall soon take both of these lists as they now stand, out of the paper and put in their places the names of those speakers only, who expressly desire it, and the places and time of holding meetings in various parts of the country, when requested by the officers thereof to do so. Our paper is now done begging for information upon a subject in which individuals and societies are most deeply interested, but seldom or never trouble themselves to write us, nor say a kind word for the JOURNAL.

All speakers who manifest sufficient interest in our paper to write and request that their names be inserted in the register, and at the same time, express a willingness to aid us in the circulation of the JOURNAL, shall have their request complied with so long as they keep us posted as to their locality. We shall also with like pleasure, publish a list of meetings, giving the time and places of meeting, whenever the parties interested, feel sufficient interest in the matter to keep us correctly informed upon the subject.

We are determined that our register shall be correct so far as it goes. It is far better for the public to have no register than to have one that is incorrect. We give this timely warning that all interested may give us due notice, so that no names may be omitted from the new list.

Truth, though stranger than fiction, goes begging for votaries.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Lectured again at Crosby's Music Hall, in this city, on Sunday, the 31st, to a large and appreciative audience. Her eloquent remarks received that close attention which their merit deserved. She lectured in the evening on the "Immortality of the Soul," handling the subject in an able manner, and to conclude the services, she delineated the character of one gentleman and two ladies, describing the spirits surrounding them, all of which were recognized. Her delineations and tests added much to the interest of the occasion.

During November, she lectures in Cincinnati. Her address, during that time, will be Post Office box 2681, care of A. W. Pugh, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, MRS. EMMA MARTIN, and CHARLES FAIRLAIN.

We are pleased to state that the above named earnest advocates of our cause, have been doing a good work in Michigan during the past summer, and have thereby won for themselves laurels which death cannot fade nor time wear away. They have held meetings in various parts of the State, which were well attended, and much interest was manifested.

GALVESTON AND HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Bro. Grandison Itabery, writing from Galveston, says they want good test mediums at both of those places, and will pay liberally. Good trance and inspirational mediums are also wanted.

Peter West's rooms are daily thronged with visitors seeking for light from the world of spirits, and but few go away disappointed.

Literary Notices.

The EXPLORER is the name of a new monthly magazine just started at Indianapolis, Ind., by that indefatigable laborer in the cause of reform, Truman Beaman. It is devoted to the eradication of evil and the elevation of humanity, and is well worthy of the patronage of the laboring classes. Terms \$1.25 per year.

THE DELUGE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE; a Discourse by Wm. Denton. You who desire to know something of the ark, the deluge, etc., should read this little pamphlet. Price 10 cts., postage 2 cts. For sale at this office.

LADIE'S OWN MAGAZINE; by Mrs. Cora Bland, of Indianapolis, Ind. Price, \$1.50 per year. As a Western magazine, it stands high, and would be read with interest by our friends in the East.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY for November is unusually interesting, and will be read with interest. Read, Browne & Co., publishers, Chicago, Ill. Terms, \$3 per year; single number, 30 cts.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November, as usual, is replete with interesting matter from the pens of our ablest writers. It always contains food for the thinking mind.

THE CHESTER FAMILY; or THE CURSE OF THE DRUNKARD'S APPETITE, by Julia A. Friend. Wm. White & Co., Boston, publishers.

The one great object of this book, "Is to show the effects of the thirst for intoxicating drinks on family relations, especially as it bears on the wives and children of its victims."

Her account of the death of little Lizzie is really beautiful, and if it does not agitate your inner nature and moisten your eyes with tears, you are really hard hearted. This book should be in the hands of every family. For sale at this office. Price \$1; postage 14 cts.

COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE FOR COMMON SENSE PEOPLE. By Wm. Denton.

This being the third edition of this little work, is a sufficient guarantee that it has met the expectations of the people. Mr. Denton has shown in an able manner, that "A book to be God's, should agree with Nature." His views in regard to this position are of that nature well calculated to command the attention of the thinking mind, and open the eyes of those who have hitherto thought to little purpose. This pamphlet contains fifty-two closely printed pages, and is well worth its price, 15 cts.; postage 2 cts.

For sale at this office.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December is on our table in advance. It is a splendid number with two steel engravings, a mammoth fashion plate, a colored pattern in Berlin work, and nearly fifty wood cuts. We do not wonder at the immense circulation of "Peterson," said to be the largest in the world—for it really gives more for the money than any other. Every lady ought to subscribe for it. Its mammoth colored fashion plates are always the latest and prettiest. Its stories are the best published anywhere. In 1870, in addition to its usual quantity of short stories, five original copy-right novelets will be given, among them "The Prisoner of the Battle," by Ann S. Stephens, "The Secret at Bartram's Home," by Jane C. Austin, "How it Ended," by Frank Lee Benedict, &c., &c. About 1,000 pages of reading matter will be given in 1870, 12 mammoth colored fashions, and 14 superb steel engravings. The Magazine will be greatly improved. The terms, however, will remain Two Dollars a year to subscribers. To Clubs it is cheaper still, viz: four copies for \$4.00, with a large engraving, (21 inches by 16). "Our Father who art in Heaven," as a premium to the person getting up a club; or eight copies for \$12.00, with both an extra copy of the Magazine and the engraving, as premiums. We can speak from personal knowledge of the beauty of this engraving. Now is the time to get up clubs for 1870.

Specimens of the Magazine sent gratis. Address, CHARLES J. PETERSON, 906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL—No. 28.

Benedict Arnold.

BY FRANCES E. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

A long time has elapsed since I left earth. I believe you are familiar with my career. I am Benedict Arnold.

My early life was much like that of other boys. I went to school, made some progress in my studies and was considered a bright scholar; but as I advanced toward manhood, traits of character were developed which more or less affected my whole future life. Love of money was one ruling passion, love of women another. These were the traits on which I was wrecked.

My first entrance into life was in a merchant's counting-room in Philadelphia. There I became familiar with all the routines of business, and fitted myself to fill any station public or private.

About this time I became acquainted with a man going to New York, looking for employment. I was not a great intelligence, and I soon became much attached to him. At his solicitation I concluded to join him. Neither of us having much money at command, we set out on foot. The journey took us three days, when we reached there foot sore and fatigued.

What to do was the next consideration. New York was then a place of some note, but what you would now call a village. We looked about for some time in vain, for there seemed to be but little business doing. At length he found employment as a clerk in a dry goods store, while I had still to roam about.

One day I fell in with a man going for some one to assist him in conducting a hat store. I did not like this, but was obliged to do something as my money was nearly gone.

It was now that troubles broke out between England and the Colonies and everybody took an active part. As to patriotism I felt but little of it; my feelings were rather with the king, but I kept quiet, waiting to see what would turn up. The controversy grew warm and everybody took sides—my employer was a rebel, and as my bread depended then upon him, I became a rebel too. But thus far it was only talk, so we had to act. Troops were called for, my name was given in and joined the ranks, but when it came to an election for officers I was made captain. This decided me at once, and I determined to devote myself to the cause of liberty.

I was then a man of good personal appearance, a fluent speaker, and had made my way into good society. This gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many leaders, and was generally esteemed a favorite among them. For some time I made no choice, but at length I became acquainted with one of surprising beauty and engaging manners. I became deeply in love with her, and left nothing untried to gain her affections. I triumphed at last, and she became mine without the aid of arms. For awhile I gave her my whole heart, and was happy only when with her; but after a few months, indifference set in, and in less than a year, she was deserted.

Another had attracted my attention, all my leisure time was devoted to her. She, too, fell in the snare, and became mine. She, too, was deserted. A third followed the same course, and then a fourth, until I became notorious, and everyone shunned my society.

I had long since left the hat business—I continued in that but a short time. I was now with a commission merchant, received a good salary, and was much esteemed by my employer.

The war at length broke out, and I was not sorry to leave New York for active service in the field. I joined the army at Philadelphia, and it was there I became acquainted with your grandfather. His pen was never idle, and what a laugh we had over the time of our meeting. At length I was in the field, with Washington at the battle of Trenton. I was now on the high road to fame, and could have reached an exalted position but for that unhappy career to my existence, love of money. This hankering after money began by my earliest recollections. I would not hesitate giving up a war, and the greatest delight was to count them over and over again. What else could be expected of me then but to yield to such a temptation as was presented to me by the British Government.

An officer high in command had been instructed to try what money he could do among the ladies who had influence either in the army or in civil life. Hancock was thus approached, and you know his reply.

One day I received a letter requesting a private interview. It came from I knew not whom, but as the place appointed was my own room, I did not hesitate to give an answer. At the appointed hour a stranger entered, and began by requiring a solemn pledge of secrecy to what he was about to reveal. The pledge was given. He then announced himself an officer in the British army, though in citizen's dress, authorized to make me a liberal offer if I would renounce the rebel cause. I inquired what was the nature of that offer. He replied, "A general commission in the British army and ten thousand pounds." I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and for some moments could make no reply, during which he also continued silent. Such a sum far surpassed my highest expectations. I have never estimated the value of anything but money. He did not say a word of any settled principles, and that the course I took was influenced by pecuniary and other selfish considerations; there were, therefore, no scruples to overcome.

Having found money, I inquired what security I should have for the fulfillment of his offer. He then showed me a letter from the minister, addressed to the commanding general, instructing him to make such offers at his discretion, in which my name was particularly mentioned. I looked upon it in amazement, having no idea that I was regarded of so much importance. I then inquired what I should do with the reward. "Instantly," was the reply. "This was too much for your virtue," and I yielded a full assent.

I next inquired what was demanded of me of the offer now made. You will hereafter receive instructions. And so it passed.

More than a month elapsed before I heard anything more of it; when another letter informed me that I should have another visit at the same hour. My former visitor appeared and told me that the general had mapped out a plan which he wished me to execute. This was the surrender of West Point. Here was now something for me to do, but, having accepted the task, I was determined to go, through with it.

The first thing required was to ascertain the strength of the place, and what force was stationed there. This, my situation rendered an easy task. Next, it was planned to introduce the royal troops and take it by surprise. For this purpose Major Andre was sent, but his capture defeated the whole scheme and placed me in imminent peril. Fortunately, I received timely notice and made my escape.

The storm of indignation was terrific. Little did I anticipate the odium that would be cast upon me. Even the officers on board the ship to which I fled, treated me with contempt, and it required authority to secure me a place at the

table. The death of Andre contributed much, so doubtless all that he was greatly beloved, and I was regarded as the instigator of his calamity.

This life was now too irksome to me, and I lost no time in making my way to Europe. There I sought a home, but no home could be found. Go where I would, my name accompanied me, and one so unusual was not easily forgotten.

The money was paid to me on my reaching London, which gave ample means for my support. The general's commission I cared nothing for.

I was thirty-four years old when I landed in London, but every door except a tavern was shut against me, and not even then had I any peace. Public curiosity could not be satisfied—taunts and sneers were my daily companions. At length I could endure this no longer, and resolved to go where I was not known and could not be recognized. I took up my residence in France, in a small village that was seldom visited by strangers, and there under assumed names I lived for many years, and not once was I recognized. Gradually I worked my way into good society, for all perceived that I was a man of education and refined manners, but here again that other curse of my existence brought me into trouble.

There was a lady in London, the wife of good family, to whom I paid my addresses. She was brought up in a Protestant family, in which she imbibed the strictest religious principles. I soon discovered what difficulties lay in my way, but I determined to overcome every obstacle, and that, too, without any marriage ceremony.

It was then that the first element of success was to secure her love in no small degree, and to this I gave my constant attention.

She became passionately fond of me, but the moment I hinted my purpose, a pallor spread over her countenance. I could make no impression, her principles were too firmly planted. What I did not know, I knew not, and was determined not to give her up. Finally I had to yield, and the marriage ceremony was performed.

A more loving wife was never known, and there was ever a better woman in every sense of the word. She gave me three children, and passed away in giving birth to a fourth—mother and child in one coffin. I was in her loss, for in her alone I saw all that was noble in woman. I dragged out after this, a few years of listless life, and came to the end of a wretched one.

It may be proper here to give what opinions I had formed on the subject of religion. In early life I thought not at all, and indeed, until I became a resident in France, did I give the subject any serious consideration. It was my wife's blameless life, with her gentle admonitions, that caused me to think. She was unceasing in her efforts for my conversion. But, alas for her! the more I investigated, the more I hated her. I knew not, and was determined not to give her up. Finally I had to yield, and the marriage ceremony was performed.

And did I sleep forever? Alas, no! I awoke. What horror took possession of me when I found myself in a vast plain that seemed to have no boundary, for look where I would, no end could be seen. No living, moving thing, not a sound; death seemed to prevail every where, but in my own soul, and there was desolation.

At length a sighing came, such as one hears in the forest, but so gentle I felt not sure I heard anything. But soon it increased to a murmur, and then to a roar; then came rushing on an infuriated mass of people who trampled on the earth and left me dead.

I awoke again, and again, experiencing each time a new horror, each producing agony that you can not conceive of. Then came remorse, the horror of horrors, which brought up each wicked act of my life, every poor innocent that I ruined, and that even I myself suffered, associated with none but those corrupt as myself. Great God! Is there to be no end to this? Am I an exception to all the human family? I learn from others that progression is the law, and I have conversed with those who have been with you, and have learned that you have been benefited by it, but it does not reach me. Why is this? No one needs it more—why do I alone stand a mark of God's wrath? I am but a mere worm in his hands—why wreak his vengeance upon me?

"Did you believe in Deity, a great first cause?"

"Certainly! I believed that no man of any sense doubts it."

"Is not his first great attribute love? Do not all know in him a loving father?"

"Yes; I acknowledge that, too."

"Is he not forever the same, yesterday, to-day and forever—knows no change?"

"That, too, I admit, but cannot see to what you are drifting."

"You believe, also, that he is infinite in all his attributes, love, wisdom and power?"

"I admit all you have said."

"Now, if he is infinite in love, and changes not, then the reason why he does not make no mistakes, but doeth all things well. Where, then, can you find a God of wrath and vengeance?"

I then continued at some length, arguing that the teachings of the church still had some influence with him; that finding the future life, as taught by the church, which he did not believe in, he naturally concluded that all the rest about a God of wrath and a place of endless woe was also true.

"You have described my thoughts exactly, and I now begin to see what you are driving at."

Having conversed with him for some time, he said:

"Dear friend, I have listened to you with the deepest astonishment, and I feel so bewildered I hardly know what to say, but I feel very grateful to you, whether I can drink it in or not. Until you came, we and I thought of nothing but our selfishness, and not but that we taught the same by bright spirits, but what impression can they make? You are like one of us. We can read your heart and know that you are sincere, and this adds great weight to what you say. Farewell."

My great astonishment that Benedict Arnold had progressed so little after the lapse of so long a time since he left earth, my grandfather said:

"You do not know how difficult it is for one to change his corrupt nature. Benedict Arnold will probably remain as he is for very many years, but he will not be able to change, and endeavored to resist by it, and intellectually, perhaps, he believed every word, and yet, it made but little impression. His corruption is so great, his depravity beyond conception, and as to the length of time, let me tell you, there are spirits here whom I have seen as dark spirits, who have been in this condition for centuries, and may continue so for centuries to come."

You have been persecuted by an undeveloped spirit, who has practiced all kinds of deception, deprived you of communion with your spirit friends, and caused you infinite sorrow. For a time, you could not believe that such falsity could belong to a spirit world, but you were made to know it at last, and a terrible lesson it has been. This spirit, whom you know as Robert,

is, as has a man as one can be; not the least of a man's rectitude belongs to him. You have labored for his reform, but with-out the least effect; nor need you indulge the hope of ever doing him good. It must be left to time; how long, it is hard to say. We have all tried to change his purpose, but in vain. Deception is the food he lives on."

"Suffer! I have seen him writhing in the most intense agony, and then get up and try to practice a deception upon you. But he will not trouble you much more."

THE APOSTLE PAUL'S MEDIUM.
Extraordinary Experiences in the Life of
Alexander Smith of Philadelphia.

In bringing this Book before the Public, I feel it to be my duty to give some explanation of certain things, which, forming a concatenation of cause and effect, gave origin to it. The allusion to a relation to my own humble self, which, however disagreeable to me, I am constrained to do in some respects.

I am a man of humble circumstances, and have always been so—one who has always labored for his daily bread. My education has been received from the academy or college, but I have had the assistance of a tutor excepting in my childhood, when I was taught to read the New Testament with a Sunday school proficiency, so that as far as I have any learning, I am indebted for it to my own perseverance. Though lately, I find that the impulses of my nature have been modified and guarded by some spiritual friends, of whose influence over me I knew nothing at the time.

I was of a nervous, sanguine temperament, ardent, hopeful and of blissful imagination. I left my native home as a youth with a firm belief in the rectitude of the world, and the goodness of its rulers. I had little to gain in that respect, but a great deal to lose. I wandered from place to place, seeking pleasures and information during many years. I partook of all things that the world presented, even to some of its vices, and in the course of my wanderings and adventures, I received a great deal of light to my affections. I then became unhappy for a time, when, as a contractor to sorrow, I contracted an evil habit. This state of things continued for a time as I continued to wander from place to place, feeling myself an unhappy creature, and in the course of my wanderings and adventures, I received a great deal of light to my affections. I then became unhappy for a time, when, as a contractor to sorrow, I contracted an evil habit. 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20 Prefaces are generally very little attended to, that is the reason why so many secrets are unintentionally betrayed. The man to whom a secret is told remembers the secret, because it is something unusual, or interesting, or scandalous, but he forgets the dull preface which preceded it, wherein he was admonished "to be sure not, for the world, to tell any body what he was going to be told."

LETTER FROM J. B. FERGUSON.

ourselves and in subservience to an end that all must acknowledge as good and beneficial. We can pronounce nothing evil so long as we see it is not final. Its cause is in the hidden, the unseen, the undefined; and by whatever name we are disposed to call it, the name does not alter the fact, we

growth and decay, which exists in their out-growths, apply with equal force to planets themselves; that solar systems are represented in families of parents and children; that the

Our winters are so mild that we seldom see frost, and the delicate tropical fruits are as hardy here in Santa-Barbara as Crab-apples in

O, may humanity so learn to live as to rise spiritually above the reptile plane into the regions of the higher intellectual, moral and spiritual conditions in this life, that when they cross

WISCONSIN

and unceasingly against error of every form,
and in favor of truth and right.

Mrs. P. J. ROBERTS, *President.*
J. M. THROWBRIDGE, *Secretary.*

100

Religio-Philosophical Journal

OFFICE 189, SOUTH CLARK ST., 3rd FLOOR.

S. N. JONES,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Late 1st

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 20, 1899.

For Terms of Subscription see Premium List and Prospectus on eighth page.

Those sending money to this office for the Journal should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

If any person receiving this paper after the time for which it is prepaid, desires to have it discontinued, he or she should inform us of that fact by letter, without delay and if one continues to take the paper after he or she has been prepaid subscription has expired, payment will be required at regular rate, until all arrears are paid.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. N. Jones, 189 South Clark street, Chicago, Illinois

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

MOTION.

The Cause of Local Motion—The Diffusive Mind—Recapitulation.

Having given my reasons for rejecting the idea of mind, I am now ready to introduce the question, What is mind? I answer, it is a substance—an element—essentially as air or water, but differs materially from all inert substance in being. I regard mind as a living and embodied form—as that incomprehensible element whose nature it is to possess life and motion, as much as it is in the nature of other substances to possess inertia. Hence, mind is in these two respects—namely, life and motion—directly the opposite of dead matter—Budd's doctrine on Psychology.

This diffusive spirit, or, if I may so say, the diffusive mind of God which pervades all the realms of intelligent beings, and which is the atmosphere that the soul is to breathe—the medium of its light, the stimulus of its life—acts in the first place as a general excitement. It develops the whole nature of man by rousing it to life. We are familiar with the gradations of excitement—Henry Ward Beecher.

In our last article we spoke of the various conditions of matter, assuming therein certain positions in reference thereto, and in this article we propose to elaborate still further.

First, matter is diffused throughout all space. It exists in such a variety of states, and may be found in so many different conditions, that it is well worthy of the serious consideration of any one. Those glittering orbs in the blue vault above—whether as suns to furnish light to a family of planets with their satellites and rings, or as comet winding its way off among distant worlds in the regions of infinite space—they are only, each one, different conditions of the same principle, which is neither ultimate or elementary in its character. Matter infinitely varied, from the simple fact that it fills infinity of space.

In whatever condition matter exists throughout the infinite realms of space, it has incorporated therewith every quality that it possesses when concentrated in man. This position does not seem strange at all when one takes into consideration all the facts of the case. Matter being diffused throughout all space in various states or conditions, it has incorporated with it those divine qualities which we see manifested in man, and why? Can something be created out of nothing? Could an all-powerful, omniscient, omnipresent God create those worlds or system of worlds that so beautifully deck the firmament, shedding their soft silvery light over the face of Nature, which seems to smile under the exhilarating influence thereof, while her great heart throbs in unison with the vibrating chords of the infinite mind—could He create them all out of nothing? So says Orthodoxy. Well, stop and contemplate for a moment the utter fallacy of such a position. If God created all these things out of nothing—how did He in the first place find it? Find nothing and create something out of it—the thought is preposterous. Consider the idea of God's finding nothing, and forming therefrom the majestic oak, the flower glistening with rainbow tints, the beautiful valley, the high mountain, the foaming cascade, the mighty ocean, the silvery lake, the agile deer, birds with golden plumage, the fishes of the sea, the insects of the air—in fact, everything. Nothing as a basis, and just witness the result! "Can God make a two-year old colt in a minute?" If so, what would really be its age? would it be two years old, or one minute old? If nothing is impossible with God, He can make a two-year old colt in a minute. But, says the sceptic, "It would be only a minute old." True—hence we have found one thing that God could not do. We desire to impart an important lesson by the simple consideration of this fact that certain things are impossible with God—He can not create something out of nothing, for nothing has no existence.

In matter concentrated, as in man, we see life manifested—then does not matter diffused possess life also, and every characteristic that it exhibits when in a concentrated condition? If life does not exist throughout all space, neither does matter—and if neither life nor matter, then there are certain localities where nothing can be found. But who can find it? Who can touch it? Who can see it? Wherever matter is organized into animals, it brings with it the elements of life—yes, something more, mind. Supposing mind does not exist at all; then, of course, it is not a constituent part of matter. If not a constituent part of matter, then it must be created out of nothing, which would be absurd. No one can, however, tell the origin of matter. In relation to it is foolish for any one to speculate—as well ask the origin of God, and who were his progenitors, as to query in reference to the origin of matter.

Henry Ward Beecher is usually right in his calculations in reference to the nature of those things intimately connected with the existence of God, or so interblended therewith that they become a part of him or convalesce his entire nature. He speaks of the "diffusive mind" of God, taking the position exactly assumed by myself in our four previous articles. J. B. Ferguson takes, in fact, the same position. He says:

"What is mind? Is it God? It is. Thus God is in all, in every part and portion of the

whole, while He is absolutely the whole, the all; admitting of no condition, subjected to no cause; within the comprehension of a universe of universes, heeding no light to foreshadow a distrust upon a claim so unbounded in extent, so unending in duration."

Throughout all space, matter, life and mind are so interblended that they constitute infinity itself, or in other words, constitute the only God that has any existence. That this matter diffused possesses mind diffused, and life also, no reasonable man for a moment can doubt. Uttered in harmonious action together, they possess motion, unceasing motion, producing the most wonderful results. Without motion, nothing could be accomplished in all of God's vast universe. Without it, life would become extinct; the diffusive mind of which Beecher speaks could not exist for a single moment, in fact, Deity himself would cease to be. There is certainly quiescence connected with the existence of everything. That which exists, does so of necessity. There is immutability law that governs all things. Motion exists because it could not be otherwise; but it might go well to reason therefrom.

If, then, we find that mind concentrated, controls and moves matter concentrated, have we not a right to come to the conclusion that mind diffused moves matter diffused? If mind diffused penetrates every nook and corner of matter diffused, have we not as good a reason to believe that it impregnates every part of matter concentrated, as in man? Supposing you sever the lumbar vertebrae, what will be the result? Can you move the parts below it? No. Why? If mind is diffused, what prevents you from moving the limbs below the lumbar vertebrae. This is, indeed, a pertinent inquiry. Mind concentrated, as in man, acts through certain channels. Sever the connection that exists between all its parts, and the effect in local motion is the same as if the wire of a magnetic battery were cut. Your mind can't move the body of another, nor can it move the hand, unless the conscious principle within the brain can communicate with it.

By many it is supposed that the human mind has its seat in the brain, and in one sense it has. A severe blow on the brain will cause you to lose consciousness. Stop the circulation of the blood, inhale certain gases, or thrust a knife into the heart, and you will lose consciousness just as soon. The human mind is diffused throughout all space; it has its seat nowhere. Within that, however, is an element far more potential and grand, that exercises an influence over the same. The mind is not consciousness; it is not life—it is the origin of life. Consciousness is located; mind is not. The hand don't think; the feet don't think; the heart don't think. Nothing that is diffused can think. Mind diffused don't possess thought diffused; nor does life diffused possess feeling diffused. In man we have life concentrated within life diffused; matter concentrated within matter diffused; mind concentrated within mind diffused. Matter, life and mind diffused are not confined within certain limits. Matter, life and mind concentrated are confined within certain limits, and possess additional powers. There is latent heat within the iceberg. Latent feeling in matter diffused throughout all space. The concentration of that matter develops that latent feeling. You can not separate matter, life and mind. Localize mind within the brain and you separate mind from matter. It is just as easy to localize life, as it is to establish a certain locality for the mind. You can not establish a place anywhere for the mind. It is coexistent with matter, and indissolubly interblended with every part of it. If you could separate matter, life and mind, there would be a void between them where nothing would exist. If nothing existed in a certain locality, who could find it? Who could measure its extent? Who could feel it? The idea is too absurd to receive any notice. It is impossible to separate the three. Mind, however, has its nucleus in the brain; and therefrom, like the rays of the sun, permeates the whole system.

We find, as we have said before, causeless motion throughout all space. Shall we attempt to explain what causes it? Mind causes local motion—we know that—does it not cause general motion also? Of course. But stop a moment and recapitulate.

1. Matter diffused; matter concentrated.
 2. Life diffused; life concentrated.
 3. Mind diffused; mind concentrated.
 1. To matter diffused belongs life diffused.
 2. To life diffused belongs mind diffused.
- To the above belongs:
1. Motion general.
 2. Motion local.
 3. Motion voluntary.
 4. Motion involuntary.
 5. Inter-local motion.

Matter diffused is the universe of God. Life and mind diffused is the animating influence thereof, and is interblended with it in harmonious action, standing in the same relation to it, in one sense, that the blood does to the body.

Motion general is the motion that pervades the movements of all the planetary systems throughout the regions of space.

Motion local embraces the revolution of the planets on their axis, the growth of plants, the movements of man, etc.

Voluntary motion embraces those movements that are wholly under the control of the voluntary functions of the mind, as raising the hand, walking, etc.

Involuntary motion embraces the circulation of the blood, the process of digestion, the varied action of the absorbents, and are caused by the involuntary functions of the mind.

Inter-local motion embraces the forces that generate the animalcules in the human system.

Local motion, as manifested by the movements of the physical organization, is caused by mind. If local motion is caused by mind, does not general motion originate from the same source?

We shall consider this question still further in future numbers of the JOURNAL, showing

the wonderful connection that exists between mind and matter, and the respective functions of the cerebrum and cerebellum, and their relation to the mind and nervous system.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

The Metascope and Psychometer.

It is to be presumed that all persons have a certain amount of mediumistic capacity, and will naturally want to know how much and what kind it is. How far the instrument will answer their expectations, they must test for themselves. It is a real curiosity and will cost but twenty-five cents, and like a planchette, is a source of much amusement. Every family should have one, and experiment with it, and if they make any new and startling discovery, give it freely to the world for the good of humanity. Who knows but this little bit of tissue paper, weighing less than a tenth of a grain, may preach sermons that will revolutionize society and startle the world!

This instrument was invented or constructed under the directions of a philosophical spirit who communes freely with N. B. Starr, the well known Spirit Artist.

It consists of a flat piece of cork, a common number-four sewing needle, an engraved disc and a pointer made of a piece of tissue paper one and three-fourth inches long, and one-fourth inch wide at the widest end, and about one-eighth at the other end. These pieces are sent in a box or letter anywhere by mail, and are

PUT TOGETHER

in the following manner—viz: Put the needle through the centre of the cork so that it will point upwards perpendicular when the cork lays upon its flat surface; then run the needle through the centre of the disc until the disc is brought about half way between the point of the needle and the cork, with its engraved side upwards, and level with the stand or table on which it stands. Fold the tissue paper so as to crease it through the middle lengthways, and then crossways, leaving it bent at a right angle, so as to balance over the point of the upright needle. Have the pointed end of the tissue paper so folded that it will revolve near the disc, but so as to swing *chirpy clear*. Then, like the hand of a watch, it will revolve upon the point of the needle. Be careful and not have the needle prick through the tissue paper. Now the instrument is put together and ready to work.

Such is the delicacy and sensitiveness of this little bit of tissue, that it is swayed by every breath of air—indeed, it is impossible for it to be still except you close all doors and windows, and even then it seems sorry that you have deprived it of its liberty. To test it, set it on the bare stand immediately before you; put your hand beside it in such a manner that your hand and fingers will encircle half way round it, close up to it as you can without touching. In less than a half minute the tissue paper will commence revolving, with some at the rate of one hundred and twenty revolutions a minute, and with others more and with some less.

Some have thought at first this motion was due to a current of warm air arising from the hand, but this is not so, for if you change hands it will stop, and then begins and revolves the other way, and if you encircle it with both hands, it will not revolve at all; nor will it by holding it near a stove or over a lamp. It generally revolves toward the end of the fingers, hence, if you encircle it with both hands, pointing the fingers in opposite directions, it will not stop, but continue just the same as with one hand. It will not set when the hand is over it or under it, except the other hand is held in the usual way near it. Countless experiments have been tried with it. The results are, that it works better in a moderately dark room than a light one, and (note this) better in the shade than in the light; stronger with one hand on the head and the other encircling it, and decidedly more vigorous at sometimes than others—sometimes suddenly stopping and refusing to move at all; a change of the position of the body causes a corresponding change in its motion. It acts stronger with some than others, and with some will not move at all. The number of revolutions per minute is the measure of capacity, as a physical medium; the force that turns it is the emanation that spirits speak of which they use for the purpose of producing phenomena. Volition has no power to move or stop it except in the way spoken of. After practicing a little, until it revolves well, begin by asking questions which may be answered by yes and no. The pointer will soon revolve to those points on the disc. Then inquire if a relative is present and what the relationship is. Soon the pointer will indicate the same. Then names will be spelled out and communications given. So much for its general characteristics; now try it under new conditions. Invert a glass tumbler over it, and it is as quiescent and still as it can be; but if there is a spirit present that can use the force emanating in your nervous system, ask a question mentally, raising the tumbler about half an inch and setting it down again—the pointed end of the paper will point to "yes" or "no," or some letter that is a beginning of a word they want to spell out to you. Such is the result of investigations; some may get no so fortunate, while others may get long communications.

At all events there is no harm in trying it. These little instruments most neatly engraved, with letters, numbers, and names, ready to be put together in one minute's time, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address J. C. Burdy, Sec. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, No. 189 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

N. B. No one need be discouraged who may have failed of success, by a trial of an inferior article. We know of no engraved discs and well finished Metascopes and Psychometers, but those we are selling.

The trade will be furnished on liberal terms.

It will be found to be the nicest holiday present ever offered in the market.

"SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE." INDUCEMENTS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On the 1st of January we shall commence a series of articles on the "Spiritualism of the Bible" and all the phenomena in connection therewith, which will run through more than twenty six numbers of the JOURNAL, and will embrace some of the most wonderful revelations of ancient days, as demonstrating the truths of the Spiritualism of the present, showing the nature of Christ's development and many facts and incidents not yet made known in connection with that important personage and medium; embracing the different kinds of clairvoyance and philosophy of the same; the different kinds of mediumship and how developed; how to render the brain sensitive in order that spirits may impress their thoughts thereon; the *modus operandi* of Elisha's translation; how Christ was enabled to walk upon the water and still the tempest; how the angel presented himself to Hagar and the method of materializing himself so that his body was as tangible as our own. They will give the true character of Abraham and his wife Sarah, and their relation to that wonderful medium Hagar, and explain many mysterious and wonderful manifestations of the past and present, and their great significance and importance as connected with the present status and future destiny of mankind.

We propose to make this series of articles alone worth many times the price of a yearly subscription to every thoughtful reader of our paper, and would ask, that as you value the truth and the spread of our glorious soul-elevating philosophy, that you will each interest yourselves in spreading the knowledge of the same by extending the circulation of the JOURNAL. We still offer our paper to new subscribers for three months, on trial, for 50 cents, and there is not a single one of our present patrons who without little exertion could not obtain from fifty to twenty-five subscribers, and we shall be glad to publish the names (if desired) of all who will thus interest themselves together with the number of names obtained.

Please remember, friends, that there is no more potent means of awakening an interest in Spiritualism than by circulating the papers; and as you are all agents of the Spirit World, you will be personally blessed, and angels will rejoice and our hearts be made glad by your efforts.

DEATHS.

Passed away on the 30th of October, in the fourth month of its age, "THE UNIVERSE."

The exact nature of the disease is not determined. From an obituary published by the Rev. J. M. Peebles, of Treblond, Asia Minor, we learn that a post mortem examination will be held in New York City on the first day of Jan., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy, at which time it is confidently expected, as appears from the statement of the reverend gentleman of Treblond, in the last round of the deceased, the dead Universe will, by certain magic words, *presto change*, to be pronounced then and there, be resuscitated and brought to life, with its material and magnetic centre, axle-tree or gudgeon, stuck or hunk at said City of New York.

Whether the dead crosses—the *Chicagoan*, *Chicago Herald*, *Advance*, *Guard* and *Rutrum*, which it, amanda like, swallowed, and which doubtless, to a large extent, gave it during its brief existence its *fideli breath*, so *nauseating* the people of this little planet called Earth, and drove even its "editor in chief" to the outermost limits of that land of barbarism known as Asia Minor, are to be resuscitated at the same time, has not yet transpired. We await the arrival of the next telegram from the good bishop of Treblond, who so recently, on receiving the Pope's invitation to be present at the Ecumenical Council at Rome, was non-committal and only gave utterance to the following exclamation, while he repeatedly kissed the golden band dispatch—viz: "God! St. Peter!—Good St. Peter!! Blessed St. Peter!! God Rome! Blessed Rome!!" etc., etc. It is supposed he will know more about the resurrection referred to. So we wait—*impudently*.

We are requested to inform the public that the aforesaid *Advance*, *Guard*, *Rutrum*, *Universe*, etc., etc., when resuscitated, are expected to become the special combined organ—and head off in the support of those who are wont to denounce trance and physical mediums as "shut eyed impostors."

W. F. Jamieson, their agent, is now soliciting subscriptions in Iowa. What unabashed impudence!

C. C. CONNOLLY, AN ARKANSAS ENQUIRER.

Wants to know whether he is a medium, and desires more knowledge of the philosophy of Spiritualism. We advise him to peruse the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL carefully. The BANNER OF LIGHT is also an excellent paper to enlighten him upon that subject. If he invests in both of these papers, he will do well, and be sure to get them as long as he pays for them. They are not born to die in a few weeks after their birth, and leave their subscribers victims to misplaced confidence. In the next place, our Arkansas friend will do well to purchase as many of the standard works advertised in the book list of this paper as he can afford to, and peruse the same carefully, and as important aids to assist him in his investigations, he should procure a Planchette and Metascope, both advertised in this paper, and which may be put to use at any time. These may be of great advantage to him and others.

Lecturers and other mediums will also take note that the brother of said friend to remember that there is a good opening for them at Rio Bluff or Camden, in Dallas Co., Arkansas.

In another column will be found a letter from Mrs. Spence.

PETER WEST.

It has been our privilege to test the wonderful mediumistic powers of this remarkable medium through a large number of friends as well members of this office, with the most astonishing and satisfactory results. For instance our friend Mr. M. S. Robert's, of Racine Wisconsin, who for years has devoted his time and talent to perfect a machine for the preparation of peat for fuel, and who was an entire stranger to Mr. West, was by us introduced to him, while stopping here a few hours on his way to California, where he has gone to organize a peat company. No clue whatever was given to Mr. West of Mr. Robert's calling or intentions, yet on sitting for him he proceeded to say, "I see you standing on an elevated point looking down into a swampy boggy morass," and went on and minutely described the processes of preparing peat by Mr. Robert's machine. And so we could go on and fill a volume, did time and space permit, with other equally interesting and remarkable tests.

IOWA.

We have been asked why we do not publish the proceedings of the Semi-Annual Meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists of Iowa. In reply, we would say that the officers of the Association failed to furnish us a copy of the same for publication. This, no doubt, will be deemed a sufficient excuse for the non-appearance of the proceedings in the JOURNAL. We have a large list of subscribers in Iowa, and it would be well for them to inquire why it is that the officers of the Association fail to report the proceedings for publication in the JOURNAL.

THANKS.

Our thanks are due, and we hereby tender the same to our many subscribers who have sent us in one hundred and eighty seven new subscribers during the last week. Go on, kind friends, in the good work. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, through the help of the Angel World, and the energy of old subscribers has outdone the storm of opposition, while its enemies have, with few exceptions, become its working friends. Thanks to all, old and new. The cause is yours—the JOURNAL is its advocate.

NOTICE.

In sending money for subscriptions, the writer should always state whether it be for a new, or for a renewal of an old subscription, otherwise a second paper is sent to the same address.

Those who now are receiving two papers, when they have subscribed for but one, will oblige by informing us of the fact without delay, that proper corrections may be made. We urgently request every person who is receiving two copies, when they do not expect to pay for but one, to advise us of that fact immediately.

THE LITTLE YELLOW MONSTER.

The season of this year has arrived that subscribers for newspapers usually feel it incumbent upon them to renew their subscriptions, and see that the little yellow monster shows there paper is paid for in advance. Delinquents will take notice and oblige us very much by paying arrears without delay for the JOURNAL. These lectures alone will be worth much more than a year's subscription will cost.

EMMA HARDING'S LECTURES.

Our readers will do well to remind their neighbors and friends that we have made arrangements with Brother H. T. Child, M. D., a rapid photographer, to report *emphatically* twenty-six lectures as they are delivered in the city of Philadelphia by Miss Harding, the world renowned medium and clairvoyant to subscribe.

DR. SWAN THE HEALER.

The above named most excellent healer, will be in the city of Lafayette, Ind., during the week He will be at the Lahr House from the 14th to the 22nd instant. He will then return to the Adams House in Chicago, to remain for a short time.

TEST MEDIUM.

E. K. Greaves, of Sparta, Wis., writes us that he is a reliable test medium. We are glad to hear it, and hope he may be instrumental in doing much good. Hope to hear from them who test his powers upon the same subject.

THE FRENCH LADY.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Miss Lobb, the clairvoyant and psychometrist. She can be well recommended.

DR. WHITE, OF ST. LOUIS.

We call the especial attention of our readers to Dr. White's advertisement in this number of the JOURNAL.

Personal and Local.

Aldie L. Ballou lectures in Cincinnati, Ohio, during November. Her first lecture there was a complete success. At the close of her evening lectures, she usually delineates character and describes spirit societies that desire her services should address her during November in care of A. W. Pugh, post office box 2681, Cincinnati, Ohio.

N. Frank White has just closed a successful course of lectures in Portland, Me. He lectures in New York city during November.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, the renowned clairvoyant and seer, has removed his office to 89 Court St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. L. H. Perkins, trance speaker, has become a resident of Kansas city, Mo.

Prof. Wm. Denton lectures in Boston during November.

Dr. Wm. R. Jewell, the clairvoyant and healer, is now stopping at the Norton House, where he is successfully healing the sick and giving tests. See his advertisement in another column.

2

Communications from the Inner Life.

We shall give his angle charge concerning these.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SPIRIT SCENERY.

Communication from "The Beautiful Spirit Home—Scenery in the Spirit World."

ANNIE CURRAN-TABREY, MEDIUM.

Desiring much to give to my friends of earth a description of my spirit home, I come to you, Madam, and beg you to spare me a few moments of your time. I was advised by a friend to seek you, as one who would receive the impressions of picturesque scenes in the land of never-dying beauty in those sunny hues. I ever was an admirer of the beauties of nature, although my closed-up eyes, while my soul thirsted for the clover fields and hawthorne hedges of my early days.

In my present home, in the land of emerald fields, I can shake my thirst at nature's bount, drink in her olive beauties, refresh and exult in her soul. I have taken me up my abode near a silvery lake, where the white lilies grow in profusion, floating on the crystal waters, they look like cups of spiced wax with amber drops in the center. The margin of the lake is bordered with fragrant flowering rushes, forget-me-nots and rose-creeper, that, when touched, send up a peal of music indescribably melodious. Gilded barges glide to and fro, bearing happy souls from one isle to another. Beautiful, laughing children in flower-decked boats, are gathering the frosted lilies to adorn the homes of loved ones, or to beautify the altars of recreation, their voices, such as I re-creation, are heard on earth, are found along the shores of this lake; they are of bright colors; some are variegated most beautifully. There are those of a cup shape; they look like large emeralds embedded in sea foam. One inmate of those immortal shores, who has conquered all selfishness, perfectly purified, can, by holding one of those shells in their hand, hear the most harmonious voices discoursing of distant lands, of grand and glorious scenes that are far beyond the conception of the inmates of this sphere. The country around the lake is beautiful, the hills are rising gradually one above the other, form steeply covered with a small golden colored flower, called "Flora Estelle," or "Star Blossom." In some places these small hills have the appearance of the interior of some grand amphitheater. On the summit of the highest hill grows the widest myrtle, fashioning a canopy of glossy green as it clings to the branches of the beautiful elms, its white, star-shaped flower forming a beautiful contrast as they peep from out the wax green leaves. A few yards from the lake on a gentle ascent, stands a rose-covered grove; it is a natural one of a beautiful, fully shaded, justly named, the entrance is a gateway with natural columns, deeply fluted. The interior is a circle; the walls are as smooth as a mirror, the green and white of the rose blending most beautifully. The roof is one shaped, and from the center hangs a bunch of beautiful, glittering stalactites, each serves as a window; it is formed with beautiful rose leaves. Another opening of the same shape (circular) is in one side of the cone-shaped top, the light from it reflecting on the stalactites is magnificent. The floor of the grove is a sea green rock covered with a moss of the crispiest moss. This is what I call my hermitage; it is there I go to hold sweet converse with nature and nature's God.

On a slight elevation of land just above where the hermitage stands, I have my dwelling. It is in a pleasant, rural spot, and is a cottage of a style often met with in England and Ireland—it is the Tudor. Soft green ivy clings to its towers and clamber over the eaves, while the tall beech-trees, graceful limbs wave over the roof, and like the gentle patter of rain sound the winds as they play amidst its leaves; they seem to be singing of April showers. The building is of a light grey rock set in octagonal stones. On the inside walls are painted in the most beautiful of colors, the roof is of a deep blue, and the floor is of a deep red, and the walls are of a deep green. The light comes in from all sides; every nook and corner is illuminated with a light like the lingering rays of the setting sun. I have many fine specimens of nature and art, which I have with much perseverance, collected to adorn this home; it is the most most of my hermitage, strange formations of that and that that I have gathered in my journeys.

To the right of the house as you ascend the rise, is a grove of trees something like a palm, of a delicate green with serrated edges. The name given the tree is "Narcissus." In the center of that grove, I have a pleasant retreat; it is built like a Chinese temple, of rich brown stone. Minarets adorn the roof and their silver bells are so arranged as to give forth, as the winds sweep through the opening, the sweetest melody of music. Near the temple I have a fountain. It is of marble; the statue of a beautiful young mother is stooping over the basin of amber, holding in her arms a lovely babe. Standing on a pedestal in the center of the basin is the representation of a child of Nazareth; his hands are extended as if pronouncing a blessing, and from the palms showers the clear, crystal water. Around the basin are images of beautiful children, some reclining, some leaning over the basin, all with their faces turned toward Jesus. There are pleasant walks and avenues, with rustic seats arranged in different parts of the grove. Coming out from the Avenue of Brotherly Love, you enter a meadow overgrown with sweet scented clover. There it is that my pet gazelles skip and play and bound out to meet me whenever I approach them, with love in their beautiful eyes, and patiently stand while I adorn their graceful necks with fresh flowers. Leaving the meadow at your back, you turn down the Avenue of Amity, enter the flower garden; it is laid out in European style, with beds bordered with box and pansies; jets of sparkling water are thrown from fountains at every turn, and the garden is full of statues arranged with artistic skill throughout the garden, and flowering vines are so trained as to form grottoes. There is a Grecian temple, and a little farther on a feudal castle. Passing from the garden to the left of the house, you meet nature in all her beauty—mossy green rocks, babbling brooks rushing over pebbles, bottoms, shining in the sunlight like links of gold. There are tables, divans and chairs formed in the rocks, bordered with sweet fern. Tall trees of the eucalyptus species, form a shade for this lovely rural spot.

All these beautiful spots that I have described, are enclosed by a hedge of hawthorne and sweet-brier, trained at the openings that are left for entrance, so as to form flower grown paths with floral arches overhead. I have not given you a full detail of my residence; but of the ground you have a minute description. It will come at some future time, and through the body who has so kindly assisted

me to-day, delineate to you the many magnificent rooms of my mansion.

Here there are cities and villages, towns and country villages. Tom Moore will some day give a description of his villa near the lake of Orin, and there are many others anxious to give their brothers and sisters of earth pictures with the pen, of these mansions in our Father's house.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"THE DAVENPORT PUZZLE."

How one of the Davenport Boys United Forty Hard Knuts of Spool Cotton in the Dark—A Problem for the Boston Investigator.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have never taken any hand in the Davenport controversy or "juggle," or "humbug," or whatever it may be called; but let me give an incident that came under my observation some seven years ago.

I think it was in the summer of '62, during the draft excitement. The Brothers visited La Crosse, Wisconsin, remaining there a month, stopping with friends and recreating in the vicinity with guns, fishing-rods, etc. During the time, I invited the boys to spend an evening at my house. I wished to try some tests, using my own materials in my own way. For some cause, only one of the boys was present. There were present, besides a dozen or more special friends (not Spiritualists) who had eyes and wits of their own.

I arranged the company on one side of the room, and a table about in the center, on which was placed a fiddle, tambourine, guitar, bells, etc. At the side of the table was a large Y-shaped stool, and a chair near the corner. I had previously prepared a string of fine spool cotton, of yellowish color, just ten feet long, with a knot in the middle and two at each end. I then tied the boy's arms behind him with the thread in thirty hard knuts, having examined him, a dozen or more times. I then tied the thread around the back of his chair in hard knuts; also chalked around his feet on the floor. Taking my seat with the company, I turned down the light, when in an instant, a rattle, a clanger and thrumming and playing of the instrument commenced. During the time, I kept up an incessant chatter with the young man, to fix his location in the corner. While the hubbub was at its height, I struck a match, when down fell the instruments, including the harp, lighting on the floor, on laps or wherever they happened to be. Young Davenport was found nowhere, but he was last in his chair.

Again the light was turned off, but no noise or confusion followed. Presently a small nibbling was heard, like a mouse in a cheese-box, in the Davenport corner. This faint noise continued for full fifteen minutes, to the great wonder and impatience of all present. At the end of that time, I felt a sort of "cuck" in my pantaloon pocket, when I put in my hand and found a coil of thread. Striking the light it proved to be the identical thread I had used—at least, it had precisely the same length, color and knots, and Davenport was sitting forth in his chair.

I have never yet seen the person who could untie one hard knot of fine spool cotton in the dark. How those forty knots got untied, and how the coil got back into my pocket, I leave for the "light fingered" gentlemen of the Boston Investigator to explain.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 3rd.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

Music by an Unseen Band—Mysterious Lights.

LETTER FROM W. B. BRIGGS.

DEAR JOURNAL: Thursday evening, October 21st, a party of six of us stepped on the Newport train, to go and spend an evening with Robert Crandell. Mr. Crandell is a musical medium. Every facility was given us to examine the room, a privilege that we availed ourselves of. Its contents were eight or ten chairs, a small clock and a piano. The instrument was examined in all its parts, and found to contain nothing but what belongs to all instruments of its class; in fact, it had been brought to the house only the day before. A well-known professor of music presided at the piano; but the accompaniment was played by unseen hands, upon unseen instruments, producing the most beautiful and harmonious music I ever had the pleasure of listening to. We could hear distinctly five or six different instruments. Among them was the triangle, cymbal, harp, tambourine, dulcimer and bass-drum. The music was so loud at times it could be heard all over the neighborhood.

Mr. Crandell stood near the piano with one hand held over his head. We could not perceive the least motion made by him. Mr. Crandell sat about six feet from the piano with his hands held by one of our party. The lights were frequently turned on, and the piano was examined. The professor is not a Spiritualist, and does not believe their teachings, but admires their music. Mr. Crandell has never charged anything for admittance to his house, to hear the music, and only his expenses when by invitation he has visited other places; he has no purpose of money.

Lights were produced in different parts of the room, passing from one place to another; and the medium at one time was nearly covered with stars which would disappear in an instant at his pleasure. Sometimes they remained ten or fifteen minutes.

Still, it is a very remarkable medium, and it any of your Western friends should visit Newport, we would advise them to spend an evening with Robert Crandell.

Warren, R. I.

"With God all things are Possible."

BY J. BACON.

Thus I was taught and thus I believed as long as I followed others to direct my thought in theological matters. But since I have done my own thinking, reasoning and philosophizing, I have come to the conclusion that even with God all things are not possible. My conclusions may be old to some, but they are new to me. There may be, for aught I know, many things that God cannot do, but I will name only one which is this: God cannot blot out a fact; he ever so insignificant. When it has become established, it is there for all time; nor can all of the powers of the universe combined, blot it out.

That we have just passed through a most terrible war, is a fact, so indelibly written on the pages of history that God had the devil cannot combine sufficient to obliterate it. It is there for all time; nor can all of the powers of the universe combined, blot it out.

It is announced that the Sultan will attend the opening of the Suez Canal.

THE APOSTLE PAUL'S MEDIUM.

Extraordinary Experiences in the Life of Alexander Smith of Philadelphia.

After reading Mr. Davis's reply to my communication, I considered myself much enlightened on the subject, and much relieved of my timidity, and after some mature reflection, I resolved, that if there was a spirit wishing to communicate with me, I would avail myself of the opportunity, and with as much firmness as I could assume, invite the invisible intelligence to further proceedings. Accordingly, the following night, I was seated in my room alone, with writing materials and a book before me. The clock struck eleven, I endeavored to read, but it was a vain effort, for I understood not what I read, my mind being absorbed by subjects of greater moment. A thousand thoughts flitted through my mind; some of a hopeful, some of a doubtful nature, and some fearfully speculative. It is possible such things can be? I asked myself. I really hold communion with spirits of the other world? "Who can it be?" "What can be the purpose of the visit?" Such questions occurred to me mentally. Oh! with what eager expectancy did I wish for the moment to solve their mysteries! Thus some minutes passed, all around me being silent as death, as I waited with an intense, uneasy suspense. At length, as though coming from a distant field, I heard the sweet, playful notes of the shepherd's pipe—faint and low at first, then increasing in strength as they seemed to approach me. As the music allowed me to relax, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a man, whose face was as bright as the sun, and whose eyes were as clear as the sky. He was dressed in a simple, unadorned robe, and his hair was as white as snow. He looked at me with a steady gaze, and then he spoke, his voice was as clear as the bell.

"Who calls me?" I inquired, mentally, with considerable trepidation.

"I am the spirit of one who, like you in nature, once lived on earth, as mortal man far back in the history of nations," answered the voice, in a grave, manly tone.

"Make known your name, prove your identity, and then communicate your wishes," I replied with a little reassurance; for I thought that my spiritual visitor was commencing, with whom I was communicating.

"Here are two spirits present," answered the voice, "the one that addresses you is Saul of Tarsus; or better known to the inhabitants of earth, as Paul the Apostle. My companion is Jesus Iscariot; I presume you have read of us in the New Testament, and the New Testament. If so, I beg of you not to form any idea of us from that book, for it does not contain an item of truth concerning our true characters or histories. That book, which received its origin through my influence, speaks of me as being one of the best, purest, noblest and most perfect of men, and of Jesus Iscariot as being one of the worst of men. The fact is, it is you would reverse the characters given of us in that book, you would make nearer the truth. It is true, that Jesus was a selfish man; and that he was guilty of ingratitude and treachery, and that he was a man, Jesus Iscariot, to the banishment. But he was not a wicked man, as he is called in the New Testament. He was a man of great power, and he was a man of great wisdom. He was a man of great love, and he was a man of great mercy. He was a man of great faith, and he was a man of great hope. He was a man of great courage, and he was a man of great strength. He was a man of great wisdom, and he was a man of great knowledge. He was a man of great power, and he was a man of great influence. He was a man of great love, and he was a man of great mercy. He was a man of great faith, and he was a man of great hope. He was a man of great courage, and he was a man of great strength. He was a man of great wisdom, and he was a man of great knowledge. He was a man of great power, and he was a man of great influence. He was a man of great love, and he was a man of great mercy. He was a man of great faith, and he was a man of great hope. He was a man of great courage, and he was a man of great strength. He was a man of great wisdom, and he was a man of great knowledge. 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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:
 A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.
 BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIVAL BELLES—THE UNKNOWN.

Grim-visaged winter had cast his icy chains abroad, with a hard relentless hand, and all nature slept upon the frosted hie draped in a low-lying robe of snow.

Yet a gay and brilliant scene did the snow-glazed streets of our city present on the first day of the year, following the grand and glorious social.

Far as the eye could see, all was veiled in fleecy white, and the warm rays of the sun, bright and clear, blended streets, house-tops, spire and dome of the happy city, into a silvery sheen of pleasing beauty.

From early dawn till far into midnight, and past the dawn of the first hours of the following day, did the merry broods break aloft the busy tramp of steeds, and waft away into far reaching echo the sweet music of the jingling bells, and laughing merry voices from out the gliding sleigh.

Media, Annie, Randolph and their merry associates, had returned from their happy sleigh ride of the evening, and late next forenoon, Annie Rodgers, as she stood a moment at the store door, enjoying the animated snow scene without she suddenly exclaimed: "Media, here, come quick." The latter emerged hastily from the adjoining workroom.

There goes that strange gentleman again, to whom Randolph gave me an introduction on new year's eve. Is he not handsome?

"Indeed he is beautiful," I am informed he is strongly suspected of being the projector of the late charity social.

"Better and better; yet I am not so much surprised, for Randolph entertained me on that evening with the peculiar circumstances under which he first formed this acquaintance, which exhibits him in the light of a quiet, unassuming Philanthropist, going among the poor of our great city, and administering to their necessities."

"But in what manner does he propose to convert the social into an object of benevolence?" Some have said: "By the sale of the head dresses worn on that occasion. But his purpose is to devote for the relief of the necessities the entire proceeds of that grand entertainment, paying the expenses of the affair, rent, etc., from his private resources."

"Excellent. I am happy to contribute in this way my small mite."

"Yes. But, Media, how comes on the 'Count'—has he fully recovered yet from the effects caused by his skillful efforts to save you from the gully the night we met in the snow drift?"

Annie blithely inquired, changing the subject, not to Media's chagrin. The latter replied—"Oh, I believe he is quite recovered." But the upset, ugly, let us forget that, Anna, if you please. It gives me a chill just to remember it; we might have all been killed—"

"Never heard of a death by being pitched into a snow bank—"

"There you go again. Come, Annie, tell us something of yourself and your protector on that lovely occasion. Is it indeed true that you are so ardently attached to Randolph Haines?"

Pointed, and the gentle Annie was for a moment at a loss to reply. "Youful and innocent, her sense of truth would not permit her to equivocate. Though blushing deeply, she assented by a motion of the head. "And you intend to unite with him?"

"You ask me if I am attached to Randolph. To you, Media, I answer freely, I am—"

Half-a-mile distant another scene progresses. Attached to an omnibus, a pair of fractious horses took sudden fright, and ran down the street at a fearful rate, whirling the coach from side to side with terrible velocity, cleaving out of the way everything, with which it came in contact.

Men, women, and children all frightened, fled away, taking shelter in alleys and stores nearest them.

On and on the affrighted steeds dashed, in their mad flight. A child, starting across the street, had mis-judged the distance. He was in the midst of the broad avenue, and the wild animals upon him. He was unable to cross safely, nor could he retreat. 'Twas a fearful sight. Fear blanched his cheeks—a moment of solemn awe! Many saw the peril of the little one, and every breath was bated, every muscle relaxed, while all eyes closed to shut out the painful vision.

A moment the runaways seemed to waver, and in an instant reared upon their hind feet over the helpless little one. A person, to all eyes transformed in an instant to an angel, darted across the street, caught up the boy, and, with a single leap, sprang to the opposite side. The child was saved, and the horses dashed away, yet fiercer than before.

Many gathered around the little fellow, congratulating him on his fortunate escape from death. But his deliverer—they looked up for him. He had disappeared, ere any could thank him. Yet richest blessings of the thankful parent's heart crowned the noble soul of the Unknown, who, as the happy eccentric philanthropist, after saving the life of the little one, pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way" among the poor and outcasts of the city; relieving to the extent of his benevolent ability their most extreme wants. On and on he passed in his mission of mercy, nor paused to listen to the countless blessings called upon his devoted head, nor to witness the tears of deepest thankfulness shed like rain o'er his open palms. On, and still on he passed, speaking words of good will to the unknowns, the meek, the sad, the cold, the thankless; but was amply recompensed in the holy emotions of gratitude in the thankful hearts of those whom he so cheerfully comforted.

CHAPTER IX.

JEALOUSY, PRIDE, MISTAKE, FATE.

In her home sat our beautiful and vivacious Media. Near her sat Charles Orsay. Media was unhappy, and strangely now exhibited a comeliness of feeling, and a formality of expression, which for the time quite puzzled even the gay "Count."

"After several ineffectual efforts to induce her into the social mood, he enquired: "Media, what in the world is the matter with you this evening?"

"Quite sufficient, though it is matter only, Mr. Orsay."

"Your manners, Media, excuse me, please, but they seem as freezing as an iceberg."

"Not, perhaps, without a chilling cause."

"Cause, Media, what do you mean, pray, what cause there to cause you to comport yourself so formally with me to night?"

"Mr. Orsay, you are acquainted with a Miss Maxwell?"

"Well, and if so, what then?"

"You were in her company a few evenings since at the opera."

"Ah, and if I was—what's to pay?"

"Mr. Orsay—do not ask. From to-night you will please cease further attentions toward me."

Our beautiful Media, alas, assumed the most haughty air, and bit her cherry-like lips, and smiled though painful vexation. Jealousy, the selfish monster, was now busy with her

thoughts. "Media," Orsay interrupted, "this is sudden: what does it mean? If indeed I have offended, I have done so unintentionally I assure you, and I sincerely beg a thousand pardons, gentle lady."

This, though well intended, the perplexed Media received in irony, and deemed the humble though well-meant apology wicked taunt to goad her; and, with all her pride, she broke into a flood of tears, of grief, more of anger than regret.

"Charles Orsay, leave me. Do not presume to draw me down to a level with Miss Maxwell. For know, sir, if rumor be true, she is not more of the 'body' than by her pretensions she should be."

Mute with astonishment at this causeless thrust at the honor of one whom he knew to be above reproach, he had arisen to his feet, and now in her language and manners read plainly that—Trifling as air are to the jealous strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

He sought not to argue the subject any further, nor yet to renege himself in Media's esteem. But simply said:

"Well, Media, that it has come to this I am sorry, for we have passed many pleasant seasons, and I had flattered myself with the prospect of many more of happiness, even greater. The present seems not to promise such. Hence, Media, though I shall ever respect you, I bid you now briefly a very good night."

"All farewells, should be sudden, when forever," was her characteristic and spirited reply, as she extended her hand, which she scarcely touched and turned away. As the door closed between them, she sank down upon the sofa and wept bitterly. She had loved the gay Orsay, and little expected he could meet her with such a degree of cool philosophy. She knew her own heart, and to him producing more of a scene. She loved a scene. But now, poor Media, disappointed, sank down exhausted, miserable, unhappy.

"Endeavor not to disguise me, Ella, for it is deemed that we shall to-morrow," spoke Clarence Clinton to Ella Russell, as he arose to leave her at the close of one of their evening interviews. He had been speaking at length of his contemplated absence from the city, in which he would not see her again perhaps for several months. Ella was sad at the thought of this, and strove, by every feasible means which her love could prompt, to induce him to give up his perilous project. "Clarence," said she persuasively, "You would not leave to-morrow, should it storm, as it does now? O give over this wild adventure. If you go on this hazardous journey, I fear you will never return."

"Ah, you shall not take me out about so brief an absence—Nothing venture, nothing win, you know. Be patient; yet a little while and I will return rich and honored—return and claim the gentle Ella as my bride. Here, now dry up those glistening tear drops—no longer look so sad. Let me take you to my breast, and our hearts will be as one."

"The storm, dear Clarence—," I fear you will be slain."

"The storm, dearest, will spend itself to-night, and to-morrow we will have a clear and beautiful day for our departure."

"You are right, to me 'tis a gloomy day. When you leave, all my happiness is gone. O stay, stay." Poor Ella's tears now began to trickle fast.

"Believe me, lovely one, I shall return honored and rich. You shall wear a diadem, and be almost a queen. Then you will not regret your Clarence sailing for the Indies."

"Clarence, Clarence," she mocked—al! Far happier am I as the humble milliner girl, blest with the heart of him I love, than could I ever be possessed with all the treasures of the wealthy Indies. Clarence, you must not, shall not go."

"It pains me, Ella, to hear you speak so. My name is destined to go. As your confidant, which I cannot retract. Consent, and let us part, happy and true, hoping not to ever meet again to meet joyfully and glad."

But, Clarence, does the United States government favor such designs on a weak and foreign power, with whom we are at peace? I believe we are right in making Cuba a Republic. This is our mission; time grows apace—we must be active and awake. 'Lives of great men all remind us, and we should remember the noble liberator General Bolivar; wherever he went, he was hailed as the noble Washington of South America."

"Parson, Clarence, can you not remember the poor deluded and defeated Lopez, whose attempts at liberating the supposed oppressed were made more recently than those of the noble Bolivar?"

"Yes, Ella, I do remember, as though it were but yesterday, when the noble patriot, perished so ignominiously by the accursed hands of those who should have flocked to his standard of Freedom, welcomed him with open hands as their great leader, and struck home for the liberation of their native land from a servitude far worse than the late African slavery of the South. But they hunted him down like a dog, and cast him by mean stratagem, and then put him to death—O my blood fires my veins as I contemplate so base a deed. Ella, I must love. Remember, yes, I do remember. Come, love, your words have called up thoughts that burn like flame through my stirring brain. One kiss yet, dear Ella, and then—"

"O Clarence, do not leave me thus."

"I must. You shall hear from us soon, tidings that will swell your heart with joy. Farewell."

"O Clarence do not leave me. If you should fall—oh, he is gone—he hears me—not—alone—"

On the bold plinths of ambition, Clarence Clinton, our mechanic author, now a soldier of freedom, sped away, and the gentle Ella settled down in a chair, and burying her face within the folds of her rable dress, wept as though her heart would break. Ella, the Georgian, was a beautiful girl, and at this period, she was just entering her sixteenth year. In person she was of medium height, and in carriage, though but the humble milliner girl, yet was she graceful and easy as one educated for the court. Her complexion seemed faultless, almost dazzling fair, and at times when a charming flush suffused her pretty cheek with the warm hue of the rose. Her eyes, not too large, were dark hazel, appearing at a distance black as jet, and which sparkled and twinkled by turns, like the stars in the cold evening sky; with a mixture of the Grecian and the Norse, and a small beautifully formed mouth, which revealed a set of teeth, which, when revealed, were like treasures of pearls, set in a casket of coral. Her chin also, small and dimpled, showing her to be of a very sensitive yet forgiving disposition; her hair long and flowing, jet and glossy, seemed, in truth, her very crown of glory. In her mind, Ella, the beautiful Georgian, was just such a girl as novelists love to make their heroines.

Was Ella Russell a Creole? She was born in Georgia, yet she must have received much of the lovely Creole's noble nature from her mother, who was originally of St. Iago de Cuba.

When lives, she was quite young, she followed in deep sorrow her loved father to the tomb. Though she was not left in destitute circumstances, yet the competence left his widow and only child was quite small. Hence to live as they desired, they removed to Philadelphia, where, with the gentle Ella's assistance, her mother lived, if not in luxury, yet in comfortable circumstances. Ella gained acquaintance of Clarence just prior to the liberal and charity social of New Year's Eve, and until now had

no cause to regret the acquaintanceship. They had passed many happy hours together, and now that he had so suddenly left her, perhaps never to return, she felt sad indeed. She sat long absorbed in grief, mourning until aroused by the clock, reminding her of her usual hour for retiring. With the next day's lack of the store before her, she arose, as it were instinctively, and, staggering across the room, sought her chamber.

What though she threw herself indifferently across the bed, did nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, come graciously to her relief, and extract the bitter poison from the cruel fangs of her despondency; or did her wakeful troubled mind, in fitful dreamings, follow her lover throughout his long voyage?—see him step with the bold advancing column of the "Liberators" on the soil of proud Grenada. She saw the first blow struck, and the strife fully begun; and, following her loved Clarence through the thickest of the fight, she anon beholds him fall, and straining her gaze until her eye balls ache, she sees him rise again. Joy quickens her pulse, and her waking spirit follows him on and still on, by the white plumes he wears, until, with jubilation, she sees him enter the capital in triumph. She remembers his words: "Be patient, yet a little while and I shall return honored and rich." She hears now, like the sound of many waters, the spontaneous shout of victory. Overjoyed she gazes long—smiles in bright hope.

A black curtain falls down, and shuts out the pleasing vision. Her speculative shuddering at this sudden change over the spirit of her dream causes her very courage to shake beneath her. Her restless spirit waits her mind away again, and to the panorama is added a lone and dreary pick in the midst of the storm sea. And there, by the light of an occasional gleam of lightning, she sees her loved one kneeling amid the pillars storm—in the gloomy distance flit fragments of the awful wreck.

Ah, what though in this tedious manner she passed the entire night away—that though her face next morning was flushed, and her eyes red with weeping. Could she shut herself away from the cold and heartless world? No. The store, the workroom must not lack her presence. And what though during the day she made a confidant of a co-worker, Amelia Stephens, who in the evening, broke suddenly in upon her privacy with the hilarious exclamation—"Oh, Ella, come with me to the Opera to-night—'will drive the blues away—come—"

"Yes, come my sweet little of the valley," joined the Count, laughing heartily at Ella's surprise, which had indeed driven quite all the color from her naturally rose cheeks. Come and witness, say, experience 'care for the heart ache'—Oh you shall not say nay. So come, come, throw on your shawl and hood, and for once forget these gloomy thoughts—"

Before the gentle Ella could decline, they had her attired ready for their departure—Amelia arranging her head dress, and the "Count" adjusting, gallied, indeed, her shawl.

As they entered the place of amusement, they were joined by Josephine, and Frederick Weldon. Just at that moment, also Randolph Haines and the Unknown passed arm in arm, bowing politely, they passed gaily on, their way to the Haines' mansion, where the Unknown, according to previous arrangement, was to favor Randolph with the further history of his life.

A NEW BOOK
FUTURE LIFE:
 As Described and Portrayed by Spirits.
 Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet.
 WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
 JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

Chapter I.—The Holy City.
 Chapter II.—Spiritual Messages.
 Chapter III.—The Fair & Rich.
 Chapter IV.—Power and responsibility of Mind.
 Chapter V.—Communication from a Spirit.
 Chapter VI.—Spirits.
 Chapter VII.—A picture of the Future.
 Chapter VIII.—Margaret Fuller.
 Chapter IX.—Reasonable Wages.
 Chapter X.—Interview with Pollock.
 Chapter XI.—New Boston.
 Chapter XII.—John C. Calhoun.

Chapter XIII.—Interview with Webster.
 Chapter XIV.—A Second Visit.
 Chapter XV.—Another Interview.
 Chapter XVI.—Reformation.
 Chapter XVII.—The Path of Progression.
 Chapter XVIII.—The Valley of the Shadow of Death.
 Chapter XIX.—A Mirror.
 Chapter XX.—The Book of Life.
 Chapter XXI.—A beautiful Lesson.
 Chapter XXII.—Retrospection.
 Chapter XXIII.—The Morning Star.
 Chapter XXIV.—The Preacher.
 Chapter XXV.—Reception of Spiritualists.
 Chapter XXVI.—The Organ Boy.
 Chapter XXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter XXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XL.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter XLI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter XLIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter L.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LII.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
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 Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVI.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Music of the Spheres.
 Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Music of the Spheres.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:
A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.
BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIVAL BELLES—THE UNKNOWN.

Grim-visaged winter had cast his icy chains abroad, with a hard relentless hand, and all nature slept upon the frosted bier draped in a flowing robe of snow.

Yet a gay and brilliant scene did the snow-gazed streets of our city present on the first day of the year, following the grand and glorious jubilee.

Far as the eye could see, all was veiled in fleecy white, and the warming rays of the sun, bright and clear, blended stately, house-top, spire and dome of the happy city, into a silvery sheen of pleasing beauty. From early dawn till far into midnight, and past the dawn of the first day of the following day, did the merry throngs bear aloft the busy tramp of steeds, and drift away into far reaching echo the sweet music of the jingling bells, and laughing merry voices from out the gliding sleigh.

Media, Annie, Randolph and their merry associates, had returned from their happy sleigh ride of the evening, and late next morning, Annie Rodgers, as she stood a moment at the store door, enjoying the animated snow scene without she suddenly exclaimed, "Media, here, come quick." The latter emerged hastily from the adjoining workroom.

"There goes that strange gentleman again, to whom Randolph gave me an introduction on New Year's eve. Is he not handsome?"

"Indeed he is, and if report be true, he is as good as he is beautiful." I am informed he is strongly suspected of being the projector of the late charity society.

"Better and better yet. I am not so much surprised for Randolph entertained me on that evening with the peculiar circumstances under which he first formed this acquaintance, which exhibits him in the light of a quiet, unobtrusive Philanthropist, going among the poor of our great city, and administering to their necessities."

"But in what manner does he propose to convert the society into an object of benevolence?"

"Some have said: 'By the rate of the head dresses worn on that occasion.' But his purpose is to devote for the relief of the necessities the entire proceeds of that grand entertainment, paying the expenses of the affair, rent, &c., from his private resources."

"Excellent. I am happy to contribute in this way my small mite."

"Yes, but Media, how comes on the 'Count'—has he fully recovered yet from the effects caused by his skillful efforts to save you from the gully the night we upset in the snow drift?"

"Annie, biliously involved, changing the subject, not a little to Media's chagrin. The latter replied—'Oh, I believe he is quite recovered.' But the upset, let us forget that, Annie, if you please. It gives me a chill just to remember it; we might have all been killed—"

"Never heard of a death by being pitched into a 'bank'."

"There you go again. Come, Annie, tell us something of yourself and your protector on that lovely occasion. Is it indeed true that you are so ardently attached to Randolph Haines?"

"Pointed, and the gentle Annie was for a moment at a loss to reply. Youthful and innocent, her sense of truth would not permit her to equivocate. Though blushing deeply, she assented by a motion of the head, 'And you intend to unite yourself to him?'"

"You ask me if I am attached to Randolph. To you, Media, I answer freely, I am—"

Half-a-mile distant another scene progresses. Attached to an omnibus, a pair of fractious horses took sudden fright, and ran down the street at a fearful rate, whirling the coach from side to side with terrible velocity, cleaving out of the way everything with which it came in contact.

Men, women, and children all frightened, nearly every one, taking shelter in alleys and stores nearest them.

On and on the afflicted steeds dashed, in their mad flight. A child, starting across the street, had mingled the distance. He was in the midst of the broad avenue, and the wild animals upon him. He was unable to cross safely, nor could he retreat. 'Twas a fearful sight. Fear blanched his cheeks—a moment of solemn awe! Many saw the peril of the little one, and every breath was hushed, every muscle relaxed, while all eyes closed to shut out the painful vision.

A moment the runaways seemed to waver, and in an instant reared upon their hind legs over the helpless little one. A person, to all eyes transformed in an instant to an angel, darted across the street, caught up the boy, and, with a single leap, sprang to the opposite side. The child was saved, and the horses dashed away, yet fiercer than before.

Many gathered around the little fellow, congratulating him on his fortunate escape from death. But his deliverer—they looked up for him. He had disappeared—ever any could thank him. The closest witnesses of the thankful parent's heart crowned the noble soul of the Unknown who, as the happy eccentric philanthropist, after saving the life of the little one, pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way" among the poor and outcasts of the city; relieving to the extent of his benevolent ability, their most extreme wants. And on the following day, in the holy emotions of gratitude in the thankful hearts of those whom he so cheerfully comforted.

CHAPTER IX.

JEALOUSY—PRIDE—MISTAKE—PATE.

In her home sat our beautiful and vivacious Media. Near her sat Charles Orsay. Media was unhappy, and strangely now exhibited a coolness of feeling, and a formality of expression, which for the time puzzled even the gay "Count."

After several ineffectual efforts to induce her into the social mood, he enquired:

"Media, what in the world is the matter with you this evening?"

"Quite sufficient, though it be matter only, Mr. Orsay."

"Your manners, Media, excuse me, please, but they seem as freezing as an iceberg."

"Not, perhaps, without a chilling cause."

"Cause, Media, what is there, pray, which can there be to cause you to comport yourself so formally with me to night?"

"Mr. Orsay, you are acquainted with a Miss Maxwell?"

"Well, and if so, what then?"

"You were in her company a few evenings since at the opera."

"And when, if I was—what is to pay?"

"Mr. Orsay—do not ask. From to night you will please cease further attentions toward me."

"Our beautiful Media, alas, assumed the most haughty air, and bid her cherry-lips, with stifled though painful vexation. Jealousy, the selfish monster, was now busy with her

thoughts.

"Media," Orsay interrupted, "this is sudden: what does it mean? If indeed I have offended, I have done so unintentionally I assure you, and I sincerely beg a thousand pardons, gentle lady."

This, though well intended, the perplexed Media received in irony, and deemed the humble though very gallant apology, a wicked taunt to goad her; and, with all her pride, she broke into a flood of tears, of grief, more of anger than regret.

"Charles Orsay, leave me. Do not presume to draw me down to a level with Miss Maxwell. For know this, if rumor be true, she is more of the Lady than by her pretensions she should be."

Mute with astonishment at this caustic thrust at the honor of one whom he knew to be above reproach, he had arisen to his feet, and now in her language and manner read plainly that—"Trifling lights as air are to the jealous sheen as proofs of Holy Writ."

He sought not to argue the subject any further, nor yet to reiterate himself in Media's esteem. But simply said:

"Well, Media, that it has come to this I am sorry, for as we have passed many pleasant hours together, I had flattered myself with the prospect of many more of happiness, even greater. The present seems not to promise such. Hence, Media, though I shall ever respect you, I bid you now briefly a very good night."

"All farewells should be sudden, when forever," was her characteristic and spirited reply, as she turned away, and left him with the prospect of many more of happiness, even greater. The present seems not to promise such. Hence, Media, though I shall ever respect you, I bid you now briefly a very good night."

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no cause to regret the acquaintance. They had passed many happy hours together, and now that he had suddenly left her, perhaps never to return, she felt sad indeed. She sat long absorbed in grief, mourning until aroused by the clock, reminding her of her usual hour for retiring.

With the next day's task of the store before her, she said, as it were instinctively, and, staggering across the room, sought her chamber.

What though she threw herself indifferently across the bed, did nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, come graciously to her relief, and extract the bitter poison from the cruel fangs of her despondency, or did her wakeful troubled mind, in fitful dreaming, follow her lover throughout his long voyage?—see him step with the bold advancing column of the "Liberators" on the soil of proud Grenada. She saw the first blow struck, and the strife fully begun; and, following her loved Clarence through the thickest of the fight, she anon beholds him fall, and straining her gaze until her eye balls ache, she sees him rise again. Joy quickens her pulse, and her waking spirit follows him on and still on, by the white plumes he wears, until, with rapture, she sees him enter the capital in triumph, the conquerors his reward.

"The patient; yet a little while and I shall retire beneath her rich." She hears now, like the sound of many waters, the spontaneous shout of victory. Overjoyed she gazes long—smiles in bright hope.

A black curtain rolls down, and shuts out the pleasing vision. Her convulsive shuddering at this sudden change, over the spirit of her dream causes her very couch to shake beneath her. Her restless spirit waits her mind again, and to the panorama is added a lone and dreary rock in the midst of the stormy sea. And there, by the light of an occasional gleam of lightning, she sees her loved one kneeling amid the pitiless storm—in the gloomy distance it flung fragments of the awful wreck.

Ab, what though in this tedious manner she passed the entire night away—what though her face next morning was flushed, and her eyes red with weeping? Could she shut herself away from the cold and heartless world? No. The store, the workshop must not lack her presence. And what though during the day she made a confidant of a co-worker, Amelia Stephens, who in the evening, broke suddenly in upon her privacy with the hilarious exclamation—"Oh, Ella, come with us quick to the Opera to-night—will drive the blues away—come—"

"Yes, come my sweet Ella of the valley," joined the Count, laughing heartily at Ella's surprise, which had indeed driven quite all the color from her naturally rosy cheeks. Come and witness: say, experience 'care for the heart ache.' Oh, you shall not say nay. So come—come, throw on your slippers and hood, and for once forget these gloomy thoughts.

Before the gentle Ella could decline, they had her attired ready for their departure—Amelia arranging her head dress, and the "Count" adjusting, gaily indeed, her shawl.

As they entered the place of amusements, they were joined by Josephine, and Frederick Weldon. Just at that moment, also, Randolph Haines and the Unknown passed arm in arm, bowing politely, they passed gaily on, on their way to the Haines' mansion, where the Unknown, according to previous arrangement, was to favor Randolph with the further history of his life.

A NEW BOOK

FUTURE LIFE:

As Described and Portrayed by Spirits.

Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JUDITH J. W. EDMONDS.

CONTENTS.

- Chapter I.—The Holy City.
- Chapter II.—Spiritualism.
- Chapter III.—The Spirit's Echo.
- Chapter IV.—Past and present responsibilities of Mind.
- Chapter V.—Communication from a Spirit.
- Chapter VI.—Spirit Life.
- Chapter VII.—A picture of the Future.
- Chapter VIII.—Margaret Fuller.
- Chapter IX.—Remembrance of the Dead.
- Chapter X.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XI.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XII.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XIII.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XIV.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XV.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XVI.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XVII.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XVIII.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XIX.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XX.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXI.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXII.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXIII.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXIV.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXV.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXVI.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXVII.—The Spirit's World.
- Chapter XXVIII.—The Spirit's World.
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"Well, does this God live in this house, and can I go in and see him? I would like to talk with him."

"Oh, no," said I, "you entirely misunderstand. This God does not live here in the sense that you would have it, but is supposed by his worshippers to live somewhere in the regions of space, and to sit on a great white throne from which he can see and hear and know all things that take place in the universe. The people only come here to worship him."

"Oh, yes, I understand—thank you; but where are the worshippers? Why are they not here to worship now?"

"You mistake again," said I, "the people here in this country, and at the church, only worship one day in seven. The house is shut up the other six days."

"Oh, that indeed explains the thing. Where I live we worship God all the time, but in a different manner. Well, what do the people do the other six days while the church is shut up?"

"Oh," said I, "and I had to say it, too," "they worship themselves during that time."

"They do? Why, how do they worship and edify themselves by only worshiping God one day and themselves six?"

"Well," said I in exasperation, "they are not as wise as they ought to be. Perhaps they will learn better one of these days."

"I hope so," said he, "for this is a grand and beautiful building, and I don't think that the workmen who built it were very skillful and diligent. They were careless and doubtless they live in much nicer buildings than even this, seeing they have to eat and sleep and worship themselves so much."

"Quite the contrary," said I, "at least it is so with the people of this country. Do you see that row of shanties over there? Do you see the windows stuffed with rags? Do you see those barefooted children clothed in rags? Do you see that starving family in the corner? Do you see that sick and dying woman? That drunken man? Do you see that company of men with nothing to do and nothing to eat? These are the men whose labor built this church."

"Why, you astonish me," said he, "why did they not build themselves good houses first, and the church afterwards? But I see that while you that live here have great getting to do to contrive and construct beautiful buildings, you have very little sense to use them."

I would have replied, but he was gone, and yet the words, great getting to do, little sense, rang in my ears for a week afterwards.

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The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

A SIGN WANTED.

The Conversions in the Natural and Religious Worlds—The Contemplated Prayer Meeting—Disorderly Christians.

Tornadoes, volcanic eruptions, inundations, water spouts and electric shocks, constitute to a certain extent, the convulsions of nature, at the present time. The natural world, however, is constantly in a turbulent condition, and these throes to which it is continually subject, seem to have been ordained by the higher powers, for a wise purpose. The earthquake may engulf cities in ruins, devastate fertile fields and send death and consternation among the people, still it has its use, and was ordained for a wise purpose. It is difficult to believe that the brilliant flash of lightning that descends from the murky clouds, causing the death of one we fondly loved, was designed for some beneficent end. There seems to be a want of co-operation in the works of nature and the operations of man.

The waters may inundate the most fertile regions on the face of the earth; the electric elements, descending from the positive clouds to the negative earth, may destroy the farm-house where a family lives that have worked hard, under embarrassing circumstances, to build it; the eruptions of a volcano may cause rivers of lava to flow, demolishing every vestige of the works of civilization, and yet the query naturally arises in the mind, why is it that there is such a lack of co-operation between the works of nature and the operations of man? Well, this is a pertinent question, and one that is well worthy of careful consideration. Not feeling disposed to answer the interrogatory at the present moment, we would like, however, to ask an Over Ruling Providence, why is it that there is such convulsions in the various religious denominations? Religion and Nature seem to be contending as to which possesses the most power, and the question might well be asked, considering the seeming antagonism that prevails on all sides, "Watchman, what of the night?" In fact, many feel like a mariner at sea without compass or rudder—not even a star shining, through the instrumentality of which he might determine his latitude and longitude. Amidst all this antagonism, we are led to inquire repeatedly, "Watchman, what of the night?" The lightning flashes, the thunders roll, the rain falls in large drops, the earth trembles here and there, and it seems as if the very elements were striving as to which possessed the most power to do harm. In the religious world, the condition of affairs is no better. One minister has four wives; one is on trial for murdering his wife after perfecting an insurance on her life for several thousand dollars; another, a Catholic, is put in jail in the city of New York, for some misdemeanor; another seduces one of his parishioner's daughters, and then departs for sections unknown. Two societies in the East quarrel over the possession of church property, and the consequence is, pistols are drawn, and hard words spoken, resulting in a general fight. Corruption among the Orthodox exists everywhere; it is frightfully appalling. There is not a day passes but we hear of an arrest of some prominent church

member for committing some depredation on the rights of others. The Warren County (Mo.) *Danier* says, "That a missionary Baptist preacher, calling himself Richard Hovey, went to Truxton, Lincoln County, Missouri, preached every night and sometimes in the day. After preaching some three weeks there and in the vicinity, he was taken suddenly ill, made his will, willed some sixty thousand dollars worth of property to various individuals, and thirty thousand dollars to Miss Emma Holiday, of Truxton. As it happened, he recovered from his illness, and on the 4th instant, was married to Miss Emma, and they then went to Florence on a preaching expedition. After preaching several days he proposed to attend the Montgomery Fair, but instead went to Danville, where he got drunk, said he had eight wives beside Emma, and intended to have another before two months. At Danville he let his wife know that he intended to leave the country. She being interested for herself and the owner of the horse and buggy, refused to go with him, and took the reins and drove to Florence, where she told Hovey that she was done with him, and sent for her father. Hovey learned that he would be arrested for obtaining money on his forged certificates of deposit, and took leg bail through a cornfield. Richard E. Hovey bails from New York State, is about forty-nine years old, a missionary Baptist preacher, a due speaker, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, has black hair and whiskers mixed with gray, teeth uneven, dark complexion, and is about five feet nine and a half inches high."

Nine wives! just think of it! Brigham Young outdone! Orthodox vying with the Mormons as to supremacy! But this case is only a repetition of numberless others that are constantly occurring.

We have a "pigeon hole" in our cabinet, devoted to "disorderly Christians." We reach forth to cull another case of transgression—when lo! the following clipping presents itself to our view:

A REVEREND RASCAL.

Perfidy and Villany of a Methodist Preacher.

Holly Correspondence Detroit Free Press, Oct. 18.

One of the worst cases of crime that has ever transpired in our midst, or indeed, that has ever come under my notice, is that of a Methodist clergyman by the name of Washington W. Welch, who is now under arrest and examination before Justice Baker, of this village, charged with having committed rape upon the person of Louisa J. Green, Elder O. H. P. Green's wife, of this township, also a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, and a man of property and average standing in community. As this matter is the all absorbing topic of conversation hereabouts, unusual publicity has already been given to it, and there is no reason why the facts as they are alleged, or as they appear, should not be legitimate matter for publication in the journals of the day.

Under the existing circumstances, we have no doubt you feel bewildered—what shall you do? A happy thought just hit us. The question can be settled. The people shall no longer be in doubt. By general consent, the knottiest question that the world ever produced can be easily adjusted to the satisfaction of all. How? Yes, how? the multitude eagerly inquire. Why, adopt the suggestions of an Eastern Divine. It was a happy one, and will meet the approval of all. It is this: Let all churches kneel down precisely at twelve o'clock on the 1st of January next, and pray to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and Jacob, and probably the God of Jonah, John and Solomon, "for a sign." While we are praying here precisely at twelve o'clock, in the city of New York the people will have concluded theirs, and just got up to wipe the dust off their pants, while one thousand miles west of us, they are preparing for the grand event. Don't you understand the first principles of geography well enough to know that during that day it is constantly twelve o'clock somewhere on the face of the earth, resulting in one of the most loiterous prayer-meetings in the world? What a glorious prayer-meeting! Just think of it! A constant ecstasy going upward to the great I AM, for a sign. Such a prayer-meeting the world never witnessed and probably never would again. But what sign shall you pray for? Would religionists be as much divided as the legislature of Tennessee was on the election of a United States senator? Could they possibly unite on a sign, some symbol, or some indication in the heavens whereby we shall know whether the Christian religion is really true or not. There would be the great difficulty, they could not unite on a sign. The Baptist would want an angel to appear sprinkling a convert; the Methodists would want an "anxious seat" to make its appearance just on the surface of the moon; the Presbyterians would want the Holy Ghost to make his appearance in a cloud, while the Father and Son remained at home to keep house; the Catholics would want a cross to cover the entire heavens with all the saints on the calendar sitting thereon, repeating the "Ave Maria"; the Dunkers would want about a dozen fine ladies and gentlemen dancing in mid air. There would be this diversity in the wishes of the various Orthodox churches in reference to this sign. The fact is, they could not unite on one—it would be utterly impossible. Some would want the sun to stand still as it did when the famous city of Jericho was being bombarded by Joshua and his valorous host. Some would want the moon turned to blood; others would like to have it made into fresh cheese and passed to the 11,000,000 of Spiritualists in the United States; others would like to have some one raised from the dead—in fact, there would be no end to the diversity of wishes in regard to this matter. We, indeed, would have our preference. When a boy we learned a little song concluding with—"And the cow jumped over the moon." We would ask as a sign for us that the cow that got her head fastened into a potato barrel and walked through an eastern city, should be required to jump over that luminary, which is only situated about 240,000 miles distant, making in the aggregate probably, of only about 500,000 miles, traveled.

Should this thing be accomplished, we will be satisfied that Christianity is true, and that it is necessary for us to become a follower of the Savior.

However, not being able to unite on a sign, why not leave it to God himself? He might let some whale swallow a Jonah, "stop the sun," or cause the moon to turn to blood. We are in favor of a sign, but we want it of that character that in future years hundreds of societies will not rise up, each of which will interpret it differently. Give us a sign that is expressive of something, and that has a lesson to impart.

How true it is, dear readers, that the world wants a sign, but it will never get it. Children of earth, you are but a drop in existence—you may feel within you those divine impulses that expand the mind and give you clearer perceptions of the nature of Deity, but you will never see Him as a personal God.

You are very foolish if you expect to see a personal God. You see him now as much as you will ever see him. Beings resembling you in general characteristics, but infinitely above you in intelligence and moral worth, are the only creators you will ever see. They are invisible to you to day, and will remain so, perhaps, for a million of years. Through their instrumentality, nebulous matter is collected together in accordance with well defined laws, and worlds and systems of worlds are brought into existence. By and by we will unfold to you these mysteries, open the gates that lead to the Spirit World, and present to you pen-sketches of its beauties and grandeur.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

When a mere boy, we often queried in regard to the nature of those means, that, through the instrumentality of which the angels were enabled to make their appearance and dine with Abraham, liberate Peter, talk to Hagar, wrestle with Jacob, speak forth from the clouds in a loud voice saying, "Behold, we bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be known unto all people." Those were certainly marvelous occurrences in the history of the world, and they are well calculated to excite the attention of the thinking mind. No less miraculous to our mind was the liberation of Peter, the rolling away the stone in front of the sepulchre, and the raising of Samuel. In our youth, we read without philosophizing; now we never gather an idea from the realms of science or philosophy, that our mind does not wind its way into the infinite labyrinth of Nature, seeking a solution of the same. We study Nature with the same care, now that we once did those puzzling problems in the Integral Calculus or Mathematical Astronomy.

In our visit to one of the seances of the Davenport Brothers the other evening, we had presented before us a problem, grand in its nature, broad in its proportions, yet so simple that any school boy could understand it easily. It is not, however, our intention in this article to enter into a discussion of the *modus operandi* of the spirits in so materializing themselves that they can move material substances, and present a hand, arm, or, indeed, the form of one of the denizens of the Spirit World, to the natural eye. This explanation will follow in due time in a series of articles on physical manifestations. In this, it was only our intention to simply partially describe the nature of their seances, and briefly relate the appearance of the wonderful manifestations given through them. Their cabinet, made of walnut, is about ten feet long and five feet wide, and is placed on three trestles, and as thus adjusted, it is about two feet from the floor, precluding the possibility of their receiving any co-operation or assistance from any aperture in the floor of the same, without immediate detection. The back part of the cabinet is so made that by no possible method could any one get into it without breaking the boards. The front consists of three doors. On the inside, are two immovable seats, one in each end; also one on the back. There were also bells, gongs, violins, etc., ready to be used by the unseen intelligences. Before the seance commenced, a committee of two were selected to securely tie their hands behind them, and to so fasten their body and legs that it would be quite impossible for them to stir in any one direction over one inch. After the committee had spent fifteen minutes in carefully trying them, so adjusting the ropes that by no process could they, unaided, unloose themselves, the door at the right and middle were closed, and just as the one to the left was swinging on its hinges, we distinctly saw a hand touch the shoulder of one of the committee men. Now, remember they had just been securely tied; they could not move one inch in any direction, yet before the doors of the cabinet were closed, a hand made its appearance. No sooner were the doors closed than the bells began to ring, the violin discoursed sweet music, while the drumming of the tamborine kept at least two hands busy. The noise thus created, would require at least six hands—two for the tamborine, two for the violin and two for the bells, while from four to six hands were often seen at the little aperture in the front door. After this manifestation of power on the part of the denizens of the Spirit World, each of the committee, in turn, took a seat in the cabinet with the "Brothers," and were so situated that they could detect any movement on their part to produce the manifestations. One reported that he felt hands touching his face, cravat and shoulder, while the bells were ringing and music made on the tamborine and violin. He could detect no movement whatever on the part of the "Brothers." The other gentlemen made equally as favorable report.

After the close of the Davenport Brothers' seance, that of Prof. Fay was announced. One of the most marvelous feats on record, one which defies the solution of the most skillful septic on any other hypothesis than caused by the direct agency of the spirits, was performed, and consisted of taking off his coat when his hands were securely tied and the knot sealed with wax, so that the slightest movement on his part could be detected. Thus pinned, the lights were extinguished, and in an instant, his coat was removed without injuring the same in the least and thrown half way across the room. In brief, the manifestations given were as follows:

1. After the hands of the "Brothers" were securely tied, and their body and legs fastened to the seat, an arm and hand was seen at the door before it could be closed.
2. The doors had not been closed a half minute before a brass horn weighing several pounds was thrown from a small aperture in the top of one of the doors.
3. The bells were rung, tamborine thrummed, and music made on the violin, all at the same time, requiring at least five or six hands.
4. While the music enumerated above was being produced, from four to six well defined hands could be seen at the small opening in the door, and that, too, when the "Brothers' hands were filled with flour.
5. Each of the committee took a seat in the cabinet, and reported that the "Brothers" did not move, though he was touched, the bells rang, etc.
6. They were untied by the unseen intelligences sooner than the committee could do it.
7. They were retied, stronger, more scientifically and in every way more secure, by the spirits, than the committee could do it.
8. The instruments were carried around the room in a manner well calculated to bewilder any one.
9. Prof. Fay's coat was instantly taken from him, while his hands were securely tied, sealed with wax, and his feet on paper, with pencil marks around them, to show if he moved. The coat was not injured in the least.
10. To test Mr. Fay still further, the coat of one of the committee was put on him while secured as above.
11. The seance, grand indeed, defies philosophy, science or ingenuity of man, to explain on any other hypothesis than this—"The direct agency of spirits."

Letter from Mrs. C. B. Shriver.

S. S. JONES.—Please discontinue my paper after December 4th, expiration of term. I like much of your paper, but am not able to take more than one at the same time. So to make a change, as I wish too for 1870, I want to have yours stopped.

I was sorry to see Mr. Church held up in your last issue as a reliable man. I saw the lights struck upon him here, and what further evidence do I and twenty other good citizens of Lincoln want to prove that he is an impostor.

Lincoln, Ill.

REMARKS.—Our young sister speaks from her, and doubtless many others, standpoint. A "light was struck," and probably the medium was loosened, hence he is denounced as an impostor. When will Spiritualists have backbone enough to investigate philosophically, instead of being weak and ready to join in the general clamor of opponents, and cry out, "Impostor! Crucify him! Imprison him!"

Once, Peter, when in peril, cried out, cursing and swearing, "I know not the man," yet, a short time afterward, he was unbound, and the locks were unfastened, and he was released from prison by spirit hands. Many mediums are nowadays untied much quicker by spirits than men, even experts, can do it. Iron rings are, by some law, to us unknown, placed upon arms of persons when held fast by the hands, in a manner seeming to be impossible. Coats and vests are taken off from mediums when tied hand and foot, and the same put on again in a moment's time, and yet the medium remains tied, and the knots sealed with sealing wax. If an iron ring can be severed and united, or a coat so quickly taken off, and yet found sound in all its parts, may not the medium Church be unloosened,—and fastened at pleasure by spirits; and may not this very scene of his being in *disbelief* alluded to, provoke further investigation into the law of spirit power?

We have evidently lost a subscriber by our firm integrity to truth and justice to a medium. Well, so be it, our whole soul and material means are pledged to do even handed justice. If we fail in so doing for the want of support, we shall have the happy consolation of knowing that,

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error writhes in anguish
And dies amid her votaries."

Perhaps many of our readers will see to it that our subscription list is not diminished by reason of the sister's withdrawing her support. We speak from knowledge. Wm. T. Church is an excellent medium.

Since writing the above, we are in receipt of a letter from Mr. M. W. Barrett, in which he details his experience, and boasts of "springing from his seat and catching the rascal by the throat," compelling him to refund all the money received, getting him fined and imprisoned, etc. etc. The spirit of the letter would well become a pericope of the ages past, including the period of Christ's crucifixion, the days of Nero, and the more recent time of the Salem witchcraft.

This notice of the gentlemen's letter, must suffice.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou is now lecturing in Cincinnati to large and enthusiastic audiences. The *Enquirer* gives a full and impartial report of her lectures.

In alluding to her lecture on last Sunday evening, it says:

"Greenwood Hall was crowded to the full extent of its seating capacity last night by an audience that listened with marked attention to the lecture of Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou, of Chicago, on 'The Coming Conflict, a Moral and Religious Revolution Inevitable.'"

Societies desiring the services Mrs. Ballou can address her, in care of this office, or in care of Post Office box 2381, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MRS. H. J. WILCOXSON

Who has been lecturing at Bevidere and other towns during the past few weeks, is now in this city.

In another column will be found a letter from Mrs. Spence.

"IF IT IS NOT SPIRITS, WHAT IS IT?"

"Though we have always looked upon Spiritualism as such worse than the sheerest humbug, and unworthy the attention of the intelligent and right minded people, we have never been able to exactly answer the above question, from the fact that we have entertained too much disgust of the hideous and preposterous fallacy and its followers to imitate them by inquiring into it. But the grand exposure made of it at Hascall's Hall, the other night, by Mr. McQueen, not only revealed the 'secrets' of this damnable parody, but afforded an amusing occasion for the large audience present. Mr. McQueen claims to be a converted or ex-Spiritualist—having for a number of years operated as one of the greatest mediums in the country—and is now endeavoring to undo, so far as possible, the great injury he has done to mankind by teaching such pernicious doctrines and working so zealously as he did in such a bad cause. If he is indeed sincere in this, he may accomplish much toward overthrowing one of the most damning heresies that has ever cursed mankind, which we hope may be the case.

In his work of exposing and fighting against Spiritualism, Mr. McQueen knows whereof he speaks, for he has been there 'himself,' consequently his explanations, as made at the hall on Saturday evening last, were plain and satisfactory to his audience. All were well pleased, and more than ever convinced that Spiritualism is the greatest humbug in existence. It is a pity that such a foolish and flimsy lun can lead astray so many people and do so much injury to the country. Spiritualism is certainly one of the great sins that all good people should fight against."—*Doshen, (Ind.) Times.*

The editor of the above named paper is either an ass or a preacher, probably both.

The tenor of his article demonstrates that he is the latter, or else perfectly symbolized by the long eared animal that carries a pack without knowing its contents. His simple assertion that Spiritualism is one of the great sins that all good people should fight against, reminds us that he is one of the fossils that belong to the first days of the Christian era—to the time when the gentle Nazarene and his followers were held in the same light by the bigoted and self-righteous Jews.

If the good people of the land of Goshen have been amused, as their astute editor represents, by this States prison bird, McQueen, they must be stupid indeed.

We have often published the fact that he was fresh from the States Prison at Jackson, Michigan, where he tried to gull the people into a belief that he was a medium, but was detected and denounced as an impostor by Spiritualists. Now the editor of this Goshen Times is trying to oppose Spiritualism by this miserable corrupt and convicted felon. Poor old Orthodoxy! Your ancestors, the ancient Jews, would have been ashamed to use such a miserable state's prison convict to secure a betrayal. How many pieces of silver do you pay to McQueen?

Shame and disgrace await you. The history of this new era will place your depravity in a more unfavorable light than the persecutors of Christ, or any other reformer of the past.

Do not say that McQueen, your oracle, is not a convict. If we misrepresent the fact, it is a libel for which we are responsible, and you, by your combined efforts can compel us to justify by facts in a court of justice, that which we have charged, all of which we shall be most happy to do.

WHAT IS UP? SOMEBODY WAVES T

BE GOVERNOR OF UTAH

Hiram White, correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, recently made an attack upon his Excellency, Charles Durkee, Governor of Utah, charging him, first, with being under the control of Brigham Young. Second, of being under the control or influence of the Mormons. Third, with not helping or aiding those who want to get away from Utah.

These charges are made for effect, and are intended to injure Governor Durkee to the extent of making room for some other aspirant for the Governorship of Utah, to the end of producing a disaffection or quarrel with the Mormons that shall result in fat contracts and money making to certain parties, under the plea of a necessity, in order to subject that people to obedience to the laws of the United States.

This is no new game with pious applicants and Government abusers, who are hanging around for "something to turn up."

If there is a man exactly calculated by nature for Governor of that peculiar people, and at the same time firmly determined that all others who settle in that country, or who, being there, wish to get away shall be fairly dealt by, Charles Durkee is that man.

We have known Governor Durkee from boyhood up. He is one of the sons of trial,—a self made man. He is from the Green Mountains of our own native State,—Vermont—as Senator Douglas said:

"A good State to move from."

At an early day he settled in Wisconsin, where his straightforward integrity and adherence to the principles of right, rather than the tricks of a politician, gave him a seat in the United States Senate, and now the position of Governor of this rapidly growing Territory,—a position requiring far more skill than that of Governor of any other Territory belonging to the United States.

We really hope that such slanderous letters as this of Mr. White's, will fall far short of accomplishing the object intended, however frequently they may be repeated.

KIDDER THE BEEMAN.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Mr. Kidder, to which we invite the attention of those "our readers who love honey."

Mr. Kidder has published a book treating upon the subject of the honey bee, the way to manage them, etc., etc. It is one of the most interesting little works published upon that subject and should be in the hands of every housekeeper.

By a perusal of this book it will be seen that every family can easily raise their own supply of honey at a nominal cost. No one is too poor to keep one swarm of bees at least. One swarm well managed will yield a supply of honey for a small family, and increase from one to three new swarms every year. For many years we have had a swarm in our wood shed chamber that has supplied all the honey we required.

Kidders secret of Bee-keeping can be had at this office. See our book-list in this paper.

WELL DONE.

Our old subscribers have sent us 215 new subscribers during the last week.

Brother S. C. Viles, of Maine, leads, and receives our sincere thanks for his special effort in behalf of the JOURNAL.

Philadelphia Department.

BY..... H. T. CHILL, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Walton's Reply.

It is rather amusing at this time when the current of progressive ideas is sweeping over our land, when Father Hyacinthe, and ministers in England and in this country are moved by spiritual power to break the yokes of ecclesiastical tyranny, to see some who dream they have a call to preach, and who would give the evidence of this call in their coarse and vulgar misrepresentation of the progressive spirit of the age, whether it be among Spiritualists or other liberal minded persons.

We are under obligations to the Rev. Walton, of Bordentown, N. J., for having called forth the following able reply.

We think he has got into deeper water than he expected, when he ran a tilt, like Don Quixote, against a windmill of his own construction, which he supposes to be modern Spiritualism.

Try it again, brother, and you will hear from some of us.

Review by Mrs. S. C. Walters, of Rev. Wm. Walton's Fourth Discourse against Spiritualism, Delivered, Oct 17th, 1869, in Bordentown, N. J.

This sermon was first delivered some weeks since, and repeated last Sunday evening by request. I was unable to hear it the first time, but understand it had received some embellishments before its recent delivery.

Having, in all his previous discourses, declared the possibility of communion with departed spirits, and proved, by various citations from different authors, that it had been believed in and extensively exercised, for at least three thousand years, he now proposed to show us how God regarded it, by preaching from the text: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be deceived by them."—Lev. 19:31. Is this prohibition, more a law of God than the similar one found in remoter religions which restricted communion with the spiritual world, to the consultation of oracles through their attendant priests and prophets or prophetesses. To civil Lev. 19:31 a law of God, and its ancient prototype a suggestion of man's selfishness, seems a ridiculous distinction.

To enlighten us regarding the nature of familiar spirits, he gave us Webster's definition, which is: "A demon or evil spirit supposed to attend a call." Did he suppose himself the only one present who had enjoyed the benefit of Webster's unabridged Lexicon, that he should assert that it was "well known that the Pagans called familiar spirits demons and thereby cast evil spirits," and that he also should withhold the following which throws still more light upon the subject? Webster defines demon as, "A spirit or immortal being, holding a middle place between men and the celestial deities of the pagans." And says, "The ancients believed that there were good and evil demons, which had influence over the minds of men, &c.," and further adds, "It was supposed, also, that human spirits after their departure from the body, became demons, and that the souls of virtuous men, if highly purified, were exalted from demons into Gods." Again Webster says: "The word demon in modern use signifies an evil spirit or genius." Then, when we read Lev. 19:31, honesty, justice and common sense, demand us to accept the language according to the understanding and definitions in use at that day, and in that age, though custom and consent, may now use the words to mean more or less than they then conveyed. Hence a familiar spirit, or familiar demon, at that time, might be either good or bad, while one speaking of demon to day as a present existence, could only mean what is termed an evil spirit.

Mr. Walton said the text warned us to regard persons having familiar spirits as holding intercourse with spirits, as being unworthy of respect, consideration, or esteem; and yet I know many such who stand both intellectually and spiritually on an eminence which towers high above the plane of deceit and misrepresentation on which he is exercising himself at present. He cited the instance of Daniel seeking Samuel through the woman of Endor, to show us how God regarded the violation of the command contained in the text, and the consequences that followed. He read us a sentence constructed in Bible language, doubtless supposing that his audience was so ignorant of the Bible that the counterfeit would be accepted as an literal extract from God's Holy Word. The apocryphal sentence was to the effect that God destroyed Saul because he obeyed not the word of the Lord but sought unto familiar spirits. My Bible reads that it was, "Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his decree, wrath upon Amalek hath been kindled against thee this time unto this day. Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines, and to-morrow shall thou and thy sons be with me."—1 Sam. 28:18. With his astonishing facility in making Scripture suit the occasion, no doubt he can do so for the absence of the words he has quoted.

...exists against it, why did God make the pernicious possibility? Was it simply a trap to ensnare human souls? What did God mean by saying, Joel 2:28, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions, and also upon the servants and upon the hand-maids in those days I will pour out my Spirit." If it be said that prophecy referred only to the apostles as seen in Acts 2:16, 17, it will suggest that Acts 2:17 says it shall be in the last days, and surely over eighteen hundred years have elapsed since that manifestation, although a parallel manifestation continues to this day.

Mr. Walton took special pains to compare and show that the mediums, and methods of communion in Spiritualism, were identical with the same through the Pagan oracles, prophecies, divinations, consulting of familiar spirits, witchcraft, demonology &c., but did not dare even to allude to the fact that Spiritualism also exhibits an exact likeness of those spiritual gifts which Paul enumerated in 1 Cor. 12. What is to be done with this fact? It is useless to try to ignore it. Shall we, with Mr. Walton, say spiritual gifts are now prohibited and evil, of satanic origin and polluting in their influence? Such reasoning would sweep all apostolic ecstasies, trances, visions, prophecies, revelations, &c., into oblivion; for we might as well attempt to distinguish between two rays of sunlight, saying one is divine, the other evil. It is impossible to believe his assertion, that it is all the work of evil spirits, who seek to increase their influence as heil by bringing new converts to help

What a blasphemous picture of God's fatherly love his words paint! And what a picture of the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, or children of church members, return (through the mediums he strives so grossly to defame) and communicate with their friends on earth. Are they all evil as soon as they get to the Spirit World? I have known of many clergymen returning are they all devils? Joseph was a diviner after the manner of the Egyptians, and divined by the use of a divining cup. He was also an interpreter of dreams, and thereby saved both the Israelites and Egyptians from famine. Was this holy, or unholy? David inspired of God, and was answered through the responses (or raps as Mr. Walton would say) upon the ephod. Was this unholy? Daniel, the prophet was educated in the schools of the Magi. Schools, called "Schools of the prophets," were located on high hills or mountains, in which the art of spirit communion and prophecy was taught. Samuel, as a seer, informed Saul that the asses lost three days before, were found.—1 Sam. 9:20. In what did this differ from the clairvoyance of today? It is answered, we pay clairvoyants. Well, read 1 Sam. 9:7, 8. "Then said Saul to his servant, behold if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God; what have we? And the servant answered Saul again, and said, behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver; that will I give to the man of God, to tell us out our way."

Mr. Walton asserted that when God wished to communicate with men, he sent an angel, and asserted that angels were a distinct order of created intelligences. To prove this, he would doubtless quote the scripture assertion that man was created "a little lower than the angels." Very true, but why would he admit that man is his bodily, physical, earthly state, is a little lower than he is in his spiritual or angelic state? Proof that angel was a term used to express the spirit of man, is found in Rev. 22:3, where the angel declares himself John's fellow servant and one of the prophets. Acts 12:14, 15 speaks of Peter's angel in the same sense that a Methodist today would speak of a man's apparition or ghost. Dan. 9:21 speaks of the man Gabriel, who touched him at the time of the evening oblation. Acts 10:3 speaks of an angel of the Lord coming to Cornelius, while in the thirtieth verse he calls the same a man in bright clothing. Matt. 28:2 speaks of the angel of the Lord at the sepulchre. Mark 16:5 calls it a young man. Luke 24:4 speaks of the same as two men in shining garments. John 20:12 calls them two angels in white. Judges 13:3, 9, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, all speak of the angel that appeared to Manoah and his wife; the same spiritual being in the 6, 8, and 10 verses of the same chapter is spoken of as a man. Now, if an angel is a man, these references show it to be the spirit of a man: there is no other rational conclusion.

Concluded next week.

JESU OF NAZARETH.

On the 6th page of this number of the JOURNAL, will be found an extract from the book entitled, "Jesus of Nazareth," as given by the spirit of St. Paul, to which we call the attention of our readers. The book is for sale at this office. See our book list as published from week to week in this paper. The work is worth ten times what it costs.

We shall continue this narrative in the next number of the JOURNAL.

Letter From Mrs. Spence.

MR. EDITOR:—During the twelve years of my labors as a Spiritual lecturer in nearly every State in the Union, I of course, like every other lecturer, had thousands of hearers, formed numerous acquaintances, and made many friends. With them all I believe I acquired, if no other reputation, at least that of being not only a zealous and faithful worker, but also a sincere and honest advocate of what I conceived to be the truth, regardless of the loss of reputation, and of the favor and friendship even of Spiritualists themselves, and at the risk of my personal liberty, and perhaps, at times, of my life. There are, however, a large number of persons in the various States in which I have lectured, as well as elsewhere, who, having confidence in me individually, would like to hear me personally in regard to the merits and claims of those Positive and Negative Powers with which my name has been identified, and about which so much has been said in the Spiritual and secular papers. To meet this general wish and to answer many private letters of inquiry on the subject, I feel leave to make the following public statement:

1st. As has already been announced, the formula for the preparation of the Positive and Negative Powers was given through my mediumship, between five and six years ago.

2nd. The Positive and Negative Powers have not only surpassed my most sanguine expectations of their practical operations as a medicine, but they have equaled anything I could possibly have desired, or requested of the Spirit World in advance, unless I had requested a perpetual miracle.

3rd. There have been published during the last five years in the BANNER OF LIGHT, RELIGIO-Philosophical JOURNAL and other Spiritual and secular papers, several hundred certificates and reports of cures wrought by the Positive and Negative Powers. Many of these have been called remarkable, and many of them wonderful.

4th. There are many physicians who use the Positive and Negative Powers in their practice; and there are also many clergymen who use and recommend them to others, and who have even solicited an agency for the sale and distribution of them among the people.

5th. The Positive and Negative Powers are my reliance in case of either my own sickness or that of other members of my family; and within the last five years I have tested their virtues at home, in a serious as well as in mild cases of disease, in myself, and in my children, and in those further advanced in years, and uniformly with the most successful results.

6th. The Positive and Negative Powers are composed wholly of vegetable and animal substances, and as such compel me to be as earnest and as an advocate of the Positive and Negative Powers as I ever have been of any other department of phenomena of Spiritualism. As truth of which has been demonstrated to me by satisfaction; and I therefore say, in conclusion, that I hope that those who are afflicted with disease of any kind, or who feel the great necessity of having a reliable healing power at hand, ready for any emergency, will be hospitable to new truth in the healing art as in any other department of investigation, and that they will therefore test the Positive and Negative

Power fairly and without prejudice, knowing, as I do, that such a test will in all cases result in confirming the statements already made concerning them in establishing their inestimable value as an embodiment of healing power, and in demonstrating the existence and beneficence of the invisible intelligence which projected them into the world, for the good of the world.

AMANDA M. SPENCE.

371 St. Mark's Place, New York.

MAIL HOBBERY.

We desire our readers to bear in mind that when the sum of three dollars is to be paid to this office, the expense of the Post Office order, TEN CENTS, or the expense of registering—FIFTY CENTS, may be deducted from the amount to be remitted.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, on the receipt of fifty cents.

Dr. Wm. R. Jocelyn.

The Healer and Clairvoyant, can be consulted at the Morton House, 114, South Franklin, near Washing on, (formerly St. Cloud House). Dr. Jocelyn has been practicing seven years past with success. Address Chicago, Illinois. Vol. 7, No. 3—11.

HOME.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

Good mediums always in attendance.

Married.

Married, Oct. 31st, 1869, by the Rev. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davenport, Mr. Albert Hanson, to Miss Elvira O'Connell, both of this city.

Also in this city, Nov. 4th, 1869, by the same, Mr. J. H. Pillsbury, Post master, of Manhattan, to Mrs. Emma Stein, M. D., of St. Louis, Mo., all of like previous faith.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Warren Chase & Co., No. 527 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendon, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-Philosophical Publishing Association, and all other popular Literary Literature, including Religious, Miscellaneous, JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

A Situation Wanted.

A Young Lady wishes a situation as Teacher of Music, Testimonials given. Address, F. M. KIDDY, Willam, N. Y. No. 10, Vol. 7—1 time, (p.)

A FEW RELIABLE EXPERIENCED MEN CAN LEARN of an excellent chance to make money by applying to E. SMITH, Post-Office Box 173, Waterbury, Conn. No. 10 Vol. 7—1 time.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS

OR THE

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE

REVEALED TO MAN.

Is the title of a new work fresh from press. By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless. S. S. JONES, Publisher.

RELIGIO-Philosophical Publishing Association, PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: "The Medium (David Corless, of Hantley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of 'Modern Spiritualism' for over twenty years and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive hearers. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal. The introduction is entitled 'The Unfolding Treasures of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings.'"

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things. On page twenty-four, the author treats of "the way mediums point themselves, in the true order of the development of this art and sciences. On page second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of 'How Man Manifests their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writings is done. How we influence Mediums to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The ring and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained.'"

This work is neatly got up and consists of thirty-three closely printed pages and is so bound that it contains many important and interesting facts, a few only of which we have here stated. The original thought upon these facts, a few only of which we have here stated, is sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents. Address, S. S. JONES, 192 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

VINE COTTAGE STORIES.

LITTLE HARRY'S WISH

OR

PLAYING SOLDIER

BY MRS. H. N. GREEN.

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THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL

AND

THE ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE.

By the Same Author.

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